MAYFAIR

£1.75
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 26 No. 1

Nude exclusive

Europe's most stunning new film star

LARGEST U.K.
MEN'S MAGAZINE
CIRCULATION

LONG RANGE DEATH: THE ARMY'S TOP SNIPERS

A CUT ABOVE THE REST: OUR SEXY HAIRDRESSER

VAN MEEGEREN: THE WORLD'S GREATEST FORGER

BRISTOL FASHIONED: OUR SAUCY SAILOR GIRL

N.AMERICA $5.75

AUSTRIA 80 SCH.
FINLAND 27 FM.
FRANCE 39 FFR.
GERMANY 15.90 DM.
HOLLAND 9.90 GLDRS.
ITALY 7000 L.
NORWAY 44 KR.
SPAIN 550 PTAS.
SWITZERLAND 7.00 SFR.

01
0 56698 71600 6

Nude exclusive

The sensational new Hungarian film star

★★★★★★

Timea Raba

★★★★★★

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCO MAROCCO

With the new spirit of freedom sweeping Eastern Europe, Timea is looking forward to the once undreamed of opportunities for foreign travel that are opening up. 'I have already been to Rome,' she says, 'where your *Mayfair* photo-shoot was arranged.' Timea is now hoping to visit the UK in the near future. 'If the film is popular,' she says, 'I would very much like to travel and promote it, but, so far, Hungarian films have not been very widely accepted in the outside world.'

* * *

Take a good look at the face of 21-year old Timea Raba. It is one that we confidently predict you will be seeing a lot more of. We are tipping this Hungarian born actress to be one of the big names in the emerging eastern European democracies. With something of the look of Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady*, this svelte 34-22-34 actress has appeared in a Hungarian film, *Magyar Kviem*. (film still shown right) Her performance so impressed critics, that she is seen as one of the few East Europeans likely to make the crossover into the Western film industry.

* * *

* * *

Born in 1969 in Gyor (pronounced Dyur) in Transdanubia, or, as the Hungarians call it, the Danantul, Timea has wanted to be an actress since childhood. She attributes this to the influence of the town's thriving artistic community, the most well known of which is the modern dance company, based at the *Muvelodesi kospont*, Gyor's cultural centre. Another great influence on Timea, both in her look and her attitudes, is Hungary's thriving Cigany (gipsy) population. 'I'm sure there's some Romany blood in me somewhere,' she says. 'I can't resist gypsy music, it's so lively. I find it totally captivating.' This fascination used to drive Timea's parents up the wall with worry when ten-year old Timea used to vanish from home, only to be found, hours later, dancing and listening to the music at some nearby gypsy camp.

* * *

* * * * *

Western men are another source of fascination or Timea. 'They are very different to Hungarian men,' she says. 'They are much more relaxed in many ways. But I find it a little disappointing that they aren't more politically aware. Hungarian men, and women too, talk about little else at the moment.' Timea's interest in western men began when she was 17. 'My best friend went out with an English boy,' she says. 'He was over here for a three-month holiday, and they were really close. We used to go out quite often as a threesome, and I thought he seemed a very nice boy. In fact, secretly, I fancied him a bit myself. On

* * * * *

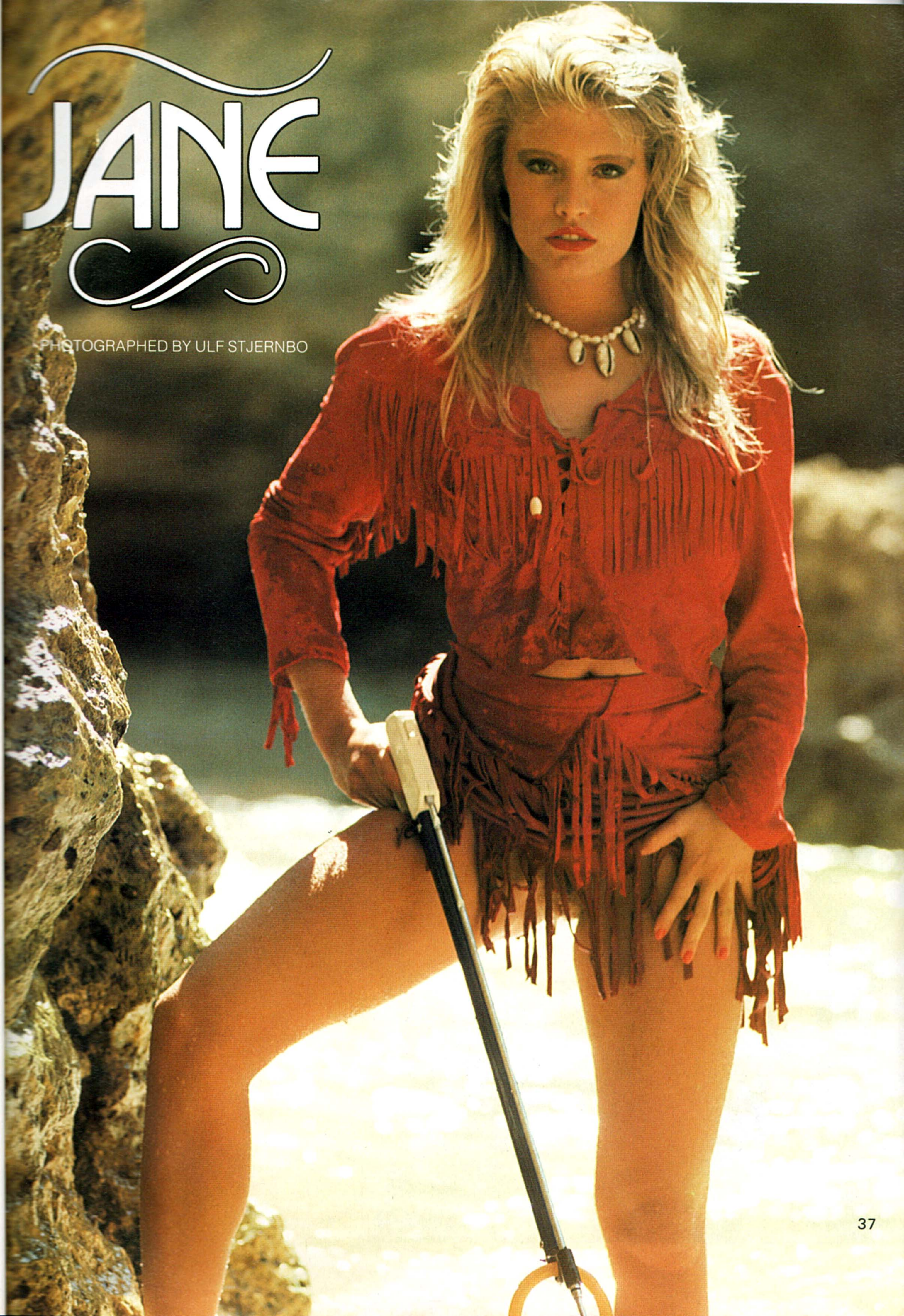
* * * * *

his last night in Hungary, he and my friend made love, she told me later, but she never heard from him again. My friend was very upset, and told me all about it. At the time, then, I didn't think too much of western men, but a few I've met since those days have changed my mind. I'm very attached to Hungary,' she says, 'and I would hate to have to live anywhere else, no matter how much I enjoy travelling.' Timea, though, is first and foremost an actress, and her commitment to her chosen profession is high. 'I am content to go wherever I have to to pursue my acting career,' she states.

* * * * *

JANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO



'No, before you ask, I'm not related to my famous cricketing namesake,' says curvy 19-year-old Jane Botham. In fact, 36-24-36 inch Jane comes from Worksop, and wanted to become an army nurse until the local camera club coaxed her into posing. She hasn't looked back.

'Things have taken off really well for me. Initially I started by modelling topless, but when I got over my shyness it seemed natural to pose nude.' Jane went to the Valley Comprehensive School in Worksop, and left at 16 with three O levels to pursue her nursing ambitions.

Now Jane has her mind set on a flourishing modelling career. 'I want to establish myself in my own right,' she says. Jane's certainly making the effort. She travels down to London frequently, but refuses to leave her home town. 'I'm a Worksop girl through and through, and couldn't stand living in a big dirty city like London. I'd rather commute even though it means early starts.' Not that London is the only place she works. Recently she has had assignments in Portugal, Spain and Sweden. 'This set was taken in the Algarve, and people keep remarking that I look like Ursula Andress in the James Bond film *Dr No.*'

Jane's favourite country is Sweden. 'It's such a clean and friendly place. Nobody drops litter, and the people really care about the environment they live in.' When not travelling on assignments, Jane likes to relax by keeping fit and meeting people. 'I like people with a sense of humour. It helps if you can laugh at life.'

◆

Annabel

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

◆

While looking for serious acting work, Annabel supports herself through a combination of busking and promotional work. 'I blow a pretty mean saxophone,' she says, 'and I find you get terrific acoustics in Underground Stations. Tottenham Court Road is my favourite pitch, but I've played most stations on the Northern Line.' When busking, Annabel teams up with two other former students at her drama school, one who plays bass guitar and another who sings. 'It's more of a laugh than a way of making money,' Annabel confesses, 'and it all adds to your performance experience.' The majority of her income comes from her promotional work. 'I don't enjoy that as much,' she says, 'but serving sausages and wandering around in a sandwich board are performances too.'

Life isn't always kind to ex-drama students, even those as glamorous and alluring as 24-year-old Annabel Stewart from Canterbury. The shapely 34-22-34 inch lovely has just moved to London, and is finding getting that big break into acting a little difficult. 'So many people in the business don't understand what it is to be a committed artiste,' she says. 'I told one agent I wanted to be a serious Thespian, and he said he didn't handle ''no kinky stuff''. Honestly!' Annabel now lives in a bedsit in Clapham, South London, and, between auditions, she can be found in *The Windmill* with a few relaxing friends or, on a Saturday night, in *The Bedford* in neighbouring Balham. 'The great thing about *The Bedford* is the Banana Cabaret — it's an alternative comedy show. I try and go along every week. It's always really funny. I'd quite like to get into some comedy improvisation work myself.'

As 1990 turned out to be, in the theatrical vernacular, a year of 'resting' for Annabel, her New Year's resolution is to hit the big time in 1991. 'I am really going to give my career a push in the next year,' she says, 'I'd love a TV role, especially in a soap — though I'd even settle for a bit part in a commercial at the moment.' Her other resolution is to settle down romantically, after playing the field for a couple of years. 'I'd like to meet a man who appreciates the arts,' she says thoughtfully, 'looks aren't important, but he'd have to support me in my career. I'd also like somebody down to earth, as I am sometimes a little flighty. Somebody who would balance me out, and keep me sensible would be ideal.'

* * *

It soon became apparent that Louise was warming to the camera. 'At school I used to get embarrassed about my body. As you can see I'm rather well endowed, and I always used to get teased by the boys.'

Now Louise takes it all in her stride. 'I can't walk down the street without getting a wolf-whistle, but I do love the attention. You never know, my assets may put me on the road to stardom. Here's hoping.'

* * *

* * * * *

On the final pages it's clear that Louise has a great future in front of the camera. 'I didn't want the shoot to end,' she admits. 'As the shutter clicked away I felt any remaining shyness disappear.' South-London born Louise now hopes to try modelling full time. 'I still work part-time as a pharmacist, but if I can find enough work I'll probably give this job up, and go for it in a really big way.'

She relaxes by keeping fit. 'I'm a great fanatic, and workout at *Browns* gym near my home. The guys do oggle a bit when I'm doing my exercises, but they're a pretty good bunch.' One thing Louise really wants to do in her new career is travel. 'I've definitely got the bug. Even if it's an assignment on the seafront at Southend I'd be happy. Who knows, next time it could be Barbados.'

* * * * *

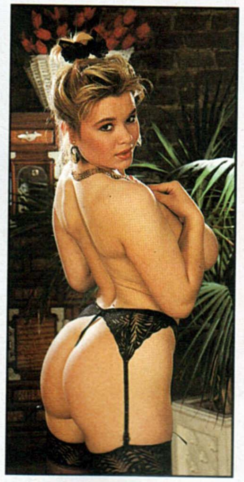
* * * * *

LOUISE

and how she took to modelling

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Lady Luck smiles on everyone once in a while, and for 25-year-old Louise Lorimer her moment of good fortune came when she agreed to accompany her friend who had arranged a test-shoot with a photographer. Unfortunately for her, it was curvy Louise's 42D-26-36 inch figure that caught the eye of Donald Milne, and he offered her a photo session, the results of which you see before you. 'I felt rather nervous at first,' she says. 'This was the first time I've ever posed nude in front of someone so I do look somewhat coy.'



Your girl next door

LINDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR BROWN

Linda took to posing for us like a true professional. 'I have to say it was great fun. I'd love to see my boyfriend's face when he sees the pictures for the first time. He promised me he would go out and buy copies to show all his friends. I think he'll even have one of these pictures framed, and hung on his bedroom wall.' Very much befitting a girl-next-door, Linda loves long walks through the Wiltshire countryside with her pet alsatian Jasper. She also regularly visits the strange stone circle at Avebury.

'I'm a great believer in mystic matters, and whenever I am feeling down I always have a walk around these ancient stones. I've also been to the past three mid-summer solstice festivals at Stonehenge, and hope to go again.' Linda is also a great football fan, and avidly follows Swindon Town. 'Supporters in the town are still smarting about the Football League's decision not to let them go up into the First Division last season, but I'm sure we are good enough to bounce back this season. Maybe my appearance in *Mayfair* will bring them some well-earned good luck. They're due some.'

Our girl-next-door series has proved one of *Mayfair's* most popular features with readers throughout 1990. And what better way to start the new year than with out latest recruit, 23-year-old Linda Downton, an insurance clerk from Devizes in Wiltshire. Linda was nominated by her boyfriend, after he was smitten by her bikini-clad 34-22-34 inch figure whilst on a summer holiday in Greece. 'He always knew it was a secret ambition of mine to model, but he never told me he had sent my picture into you. When he told me, I was pleasantly surprised.'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Stunning Stephanie Bews is a bumper bundle in her own right, shown in Vol 23 No 12. Now she's part of our special £6.00 five-pack offer: Vol 22 Nos 2,5,6,7 and Vol 23 No 12.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 22 No.2 *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', Blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galley ships)* £2.00; **8** *(Barest MP, Sacred Cowes)* £2.00; **9** *(The Hostess From* Bob's Full House, *Canoeing Down Cliffs)* £2.00; **10** *(Richard Branson's lady's nude modelling days, DIY planes)* £2.00; **11** *(Princess Stephanie's love rival,* Penthouse *editor nude, Huey the helicopter hero of Vietman)* £2.00; **VOL. 23 No. 1** *(Sir Ralph's Lee Ann, Byron)* £2.00; **2** *(Chris Quinten's girlfriend Jacqui Bell, The Great Escape)* £2.00; **4** *(Miss Poland poses, the Dracula mystery)* £2.00; **5** *(Natalie Banus — first time nude, GTO Ferrari's)* £2.00; **6** *(Maria Whittaker, Armada)* £2.00; **7** *(Karen Brennan, Fifties US cars)* £2.00; **9** *(*Daily Mirror *Dream girl Amanda Forbes, Niagara)* £2.00; **10** *(Andrea, the MP's wife, Rock stars' sex in public)* £2.00; **11** *(Rock fan Julie Wilson, Britain's UFOs)* £2.00; **12** *(Your 40 favourite Girls of the Year, Jack the Ripper)* 2.70; **VOL. 24 No 1** *(Tony Jacklin's birdie, Bonnie Prince Charlie)* £2.30; **2** *(Yvette Mountjoy, UVA kit cars)* £2.30; **3** *(Trick or Treat girls, Viz Kids)* £2.30; **4** *(Naughty Nurse Rowena, Samurai — the cut-throat poets)* £2.30; **5** *(Christine Keeler and the Girls from Scandal)* £2.30; **6** *(Britain's barest mother and daughter, fashionable four-wheel drive vehicles)* £2.30; **7** *(Secrets of the Page Three girls, the French Revolution)* £2.30; **8** *(Pamella Bordes nude, Moon landing)* £2.30; **9** *(Natalie Banus, Mata Hari)* £2.30; **10** *(Donna Ewin, American Trucks)* £2.30; **11** *(Maria Whittaker, Lord Lucan)* £2.30; **12** *(Your 40 favourite Girls of the Year, Lost Cities)* £2.90; **VOL. 25 No. 1** *(Our first Girl-Next-Door, Falkland Harriers, Rachel Garley,)* £2.30; **2** *(Our Budapest beauty, Submarine saga)* £2.30; **3** *(Donna Ewin nude, appearing as Nina Downe)* £2.30; **4** *(Our first Girl Next Door centrefold, Mountain Bikes)* £2.30; **5** *(Sarah Hollett nude, 40 years of the Eagle comic)* £2.30; **6** *(Karen Brennan nude, Lost treasure)* £2.30; **7** *(Nero sexual tyrant of Rome; Nude in Longleat House)* £2.30; **8** *(The cover up that killed a Kennedy, Three nude sisters)* £2.30; **9** *(Top model born a man, Classic conmen)* £2.30; **10** *(Girl with a thousand lovers, Killer florist)* £2.30; **11** *(Donna Ewin, The Phantom Force)* £2.30; **12** *(Your 50 favourite girls of the year, U-boat aces)* £3.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £3.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £3.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £3.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £3.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 8,** £3.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 9,** £3.35; **Best of Mayfair No. 10,** £3.35; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 1,** £3.00; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 2,** £3.00; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 3,** £3.00; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 4** £3.00.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues ....
Name ....

Address ....
....
....

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M26/1

LETTERS

continued from page 6

coat stood at the bar for a minute chatting to one of the lads, and then ambled over to the rest of us and sat down.

We tried to make out she was somebody's girlfriend in the group, and that there was nothing going on. But from the looks she was getting from the group and the air of expectancy, it was fairly obvious she wasn't. She stood up and moved over to John who, by now, knew exactly what was going on.

'You're John, aren't you?' she said, in a sexy Scottish lilt, 'And I hear you're getting married next week. Well all your friends have asked me to come along and sing you a little song.'

The words of this song are, sadly, lost to posterity as not a man among us was listening. Instead we watched as she stripped off her coat, and revealed her extremely impressive chest straining beneath a thin white blouse. She pulled John's face into her cleavage, and got him to undo all the buttons on her blouse. Soon she was standing there in a short grey skirt, with black stocking tops clearly on show, and a basque which barely covered her quivering breasts. Then she got John, who was getting redder and redder to undo the zipper at the back of her skirt with his teeth.

She stepped out of her skirt, and stood in just her basque, stockings and towering high heels.

'You want to see them then, boys?' she asked, hands poised to lower the front of her basque.

We were all too mesmerised to do anything but nod. Then, slowly, she peeled down the front of her basque. Teasingly she kept her hands in front of her nipples, before sliding them down too. As one the group inhaled sharply, in mute appreciation of the most fabulous pair of knockers any of us, as we later agreed, had ever seen.

She grabbed John again, and forced his head between her bared boobs. His muffled sounds of appreciation could vaguely be heard, especially as her hand sneaked down to the front of his trousers and tweaked his erection.

'I shouldn't do this,' she said cheekily, 'but I like to see if my customers are enjoying themselves.'

But she didn't stop there. She undid his belt, and tugged his trousers and underpants down. Very coyly, he attempted, in vain, to keep his aroused manhood covered. But the kissagram girl was having none of it. She tied his hands behind his back with his own tie, and forced him to bend over a chair while she lightly spanked him with one of her shoes.

I don't know which of his sets of cheeks were the reddest by the time she'd finished with him!

BW, Widnes

Sexy circuit

Your 'Georgy in the Gym,' set in the last issue (Vol 25 No 12) really got me going.

I go regularly to the gym, and one of the greatest pleasures I find is watching my girlfriend working out.

She always wears a lycra top and short bottoms that cling to the contours of her body. The way she stretches and bends on her warm up circuit never fails to arouse me. In Joanne's case (name changed), she always touches her toes several times in this position. Watching the lycra material work up her bottom and around her crutch is a stimulating pleasure.

Girls bodies always seem to possess that extra suppleness. The curves and contours come out so perfectly.

And who can forget also that memorable set of pictures of Lynette Gordon, Britain's nudest international gymnast in Best of Mayfair No 10. What grace and style Lynette has — and a body to match.

My girlfriend and I wait until we get home so we can shower together. She always lets me peel off her gear. It always results in a frantic love-making session, and then we give each other a relaxing massage.

Exercise plays a major role in our fulfilling sex life. To us, a vibrant work-out and intimate shower beats romantic dinners and flowers any day.

EC, Nottingham

On your marks

Reading the pedal car feature in the last issue certainly brought the nostalgia of my youth flooding back.

I didn't actually own an Austin Pathfinder or a J40, but a rather more primitive vehicle — a hastily put together soap box racer, built with pram wheels, old fruit boxes and pieces of string.

Every summer holiday, my friends and I would spend our days trying to build the best and fastest soap box racers. We would frequently race down a steep hill road when we thought no traffic was coming. Being competitive young lads, we

turn to page 114

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TOBACCONISTS
BENSON & HEDGES LTD
LONDON W1
Special Filter
BENSON

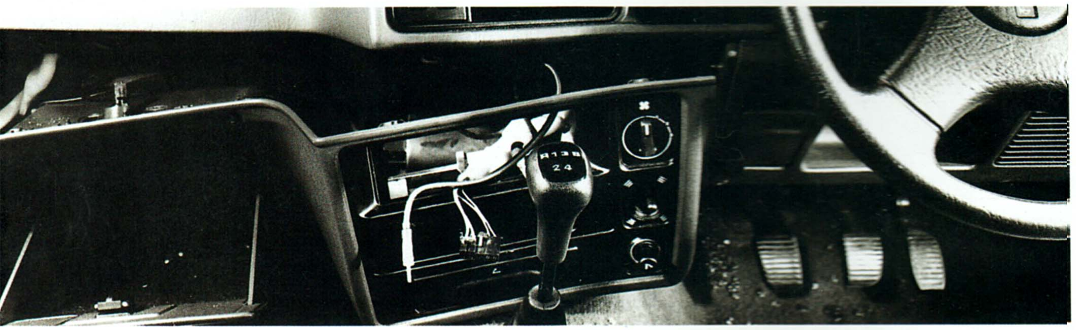
SF213 B

MIDDLE TAR s defined by H.M. Government

Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE HEART DISEASE Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

How much does it cost to have your £100 stereo stolen?

NEW WINDOW £60



NEW DASH £260

OFF/VOL PUSH/SCAN
AUTOMATIC MEMORY INPUT
AUDIOLINE 416
AUTOMATIC SCAN / SEEK
30 MEMORY PHASE LOCK LOOP
1
2
3
UP
CD IN
4
5
6
DOWN
BAND
TIME
AMI
ST
ART
SEEK
BALANCE
TONE

NEW STEREO £100

Replacing a stolen stereo isn't just a matter of buying a new one. That's just the tip of the iceberg. There's a new window to be fitted too. £60 on the average.

Next a new dash. (Remember, thieves don't mind how they get your stereo out.) But let's be optimistic. Say £260. Then, of course, there's the stereo itself. Another £100. A total of £420.

Now add to that the hours wasted in getting quotes, having the parts fitted and repairs made.

Crazy isn't it, when you can fit a remote control Moss alarm yourself that will sound if your car is knocked and tilted or if the doors or bonnet are opened. The truth is most people only think of fitting a car alarm after the thief has bolted.

But do you know what the real crime is? Moss alarms start from as little as £50.

MOSS SECURITY

Alarmed? You should be.

MOSS ALARMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM HALFORDS AND OTHER LEADING RETAILERS AND INSTALLERS. FOR MORE INFORMATION PHONE KIM JONES ON 0527 [illegible]

MAYFAIR
Incorporating King

Telephone number: 071-242 1593
6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA
PRINTED IN ENGLAND
ABC net paid circulation 295,646

Vol. 26. No. 1

SPECIAL FEATURES page

The Killing Field: Sniping school *Tom Stoddart* 44
Van Meegeren: Dutch forgemaster *Gerald Rawling* 48

GIRLS

Timea Raba: Hungary's hottest dish *Franco Marocco* 9
Lisa: She's cute and cutting *Joanie Allum* 23
Jane: Our Worksop winner *Ulf Stjernbo* 37
Ginette: Nautical but nice *Joanie Allum* 51
Annabel: Sexy saxophonist *John Patrick Burgess* 71
Louise: Our fair pharmacist *Donald Milne* 84
Linda A Wessex siren *Victor Brown* 103

HUMOUR

Irresolutions: Violating your vows *Anthony* 63
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me: Your choice jokes 67
Educating O'H: The master race lampooned *Brian O'Hanlon* 78

INFORMERS

Scene: News, travel and wine 16
Motoring: Hello old Bean *William Boddy* 32
Quest: Self-starting girls 91

FICTION

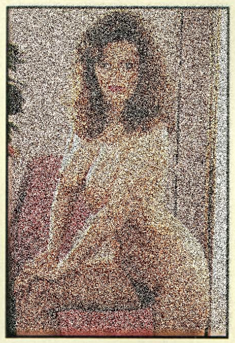
Telford's Trip: Carriage coupling *Morgan Taylor* 20

SPECIAL OFFERS

Mayfair 1991 Calendar and Diary Offer page 9/**New Lingerie Offer** pages 68, 69 and 98/ **Binders Offer** page 80/ **Best of Mayfair** page 114

READER SERVICES

Letters page 8/ **Back Numbers** page 8/ **Photo Service** page 36/**Book Society** page 81



51 CENTRE GIRL

Straight from *Howards' Way* territory — or is it *Howards' Way-heh!* — is 19-year-old 36-23-34 Southamptonite Ginette Pike, who is as able-bodied up a schooner's rigging as she is in front of the camera

44

Join the army's school for snipers, where the sharpest shooters learn to kill without being detected at distances of up to 2,000 metres

32

Intended as a rival to the Ford Model T, the Bean is now winning praise on the vintage market

COVER GIRL

Reminiscent of a youthful Audrey Hepburn, elfin-featured Timea Raba is the new face of Hungarian cinema, and — critics agree — the rising star most likely to make a giant splash in the West. We picture the 19-year-old, 34-22-34 screen actress from over the Danube and show she's a lot more than just a pretty face

Editor Kenneth Bound / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Declan Meehan** / Editorial Assistant **Susan Curtis** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N 3DA./Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N 3DA.

LETTERS
MAIL
ER

Fine resolutions

I have just made a list of ten New Year's resolutions, largely inspired by your Christmas issue (Vol 25 No 12) and the beautiful women it contained. I am, usually, incredibly bad at keeping to my resolutions, but this year I thought I'd write to you and enlist the assistance of your readers (and your girls?) I would be glad to hear from anyone who thinks they can help.

1) To be successful in my application to be in charge of the *Mayfair* department that chooses the 50 Girls of the Year, even though I realise the long hours, foreign trips and exhaustive in-depth interviews with the young ladies involved that this may require.

2) To ensure that *Mayfair's* model of the year Natalie Banus maintains her all over tan by being personally responsible for checking that she has no white bits.

3) To have children with Kirsten Imrie (after a couple of years practice with her, getting our technique right).

4) To meet any one of the women that cartoonist Anthony uses as models.

5)To meet the rest of the women that cartoonist Anthony uses as models.

6) To take Biology 'A' level at night school and have student teacher Susie Rushmore as my tutor, (especially for the practicals).

7) To have super-sexy book-keeper Kate Hewletson as my accountant, and get some tips on double entry technique from her.

8) To buy a new tracksuit so I can learn 'horizontal jogging' off Naomi King.

9) To have the kind of experience I try not to believe the rest of your readers are having all the time, at least according to your letters page.

10) To be a better person, travel widely, meet new people, and bonk all the ones with big boobs!

Cheers — thanks for another terrific year of *Mayfair*. More power to your elbow!

MG, Devon

New Year's lay

Last year, my first living in London, I was determined to maintain the Geordie 'first footing' traditions, even though my new flatmates were only interested in getting plastered.

Around midnight, a little the worse for drink myself, I wandered down to the front gate, expecting to be the only one out keeping up this tradition. But, a few houses down, I could see a dark haired girl. I waved to her, and she waved a bottle back at me, and I took the hint and wandered over to her.

'Bonny new year, pet,' she said, raising my spirits — another Geordie and a pretty one! We got chatting, and then kissed, as the clock began to strike twelve.

'Quick,' she said, suddenly urgently. Before I knew what was happening, she dragged me behind a fence, undid my trousers, and pulled my roused manhood out. Frantically she pulled her pants down, and guided me into her.

My first stroke came just as I heard Big Ben's televised last, and we weren't long into the New Year when I came inside her.

'Ah,' she said, when our passions, had subsided, 'I always like to see the New Year in with a bang'.

Well, hopefully, as we now live together in our own flat — we'll see 1991 in in the same style, but perhaps in greater comfort.

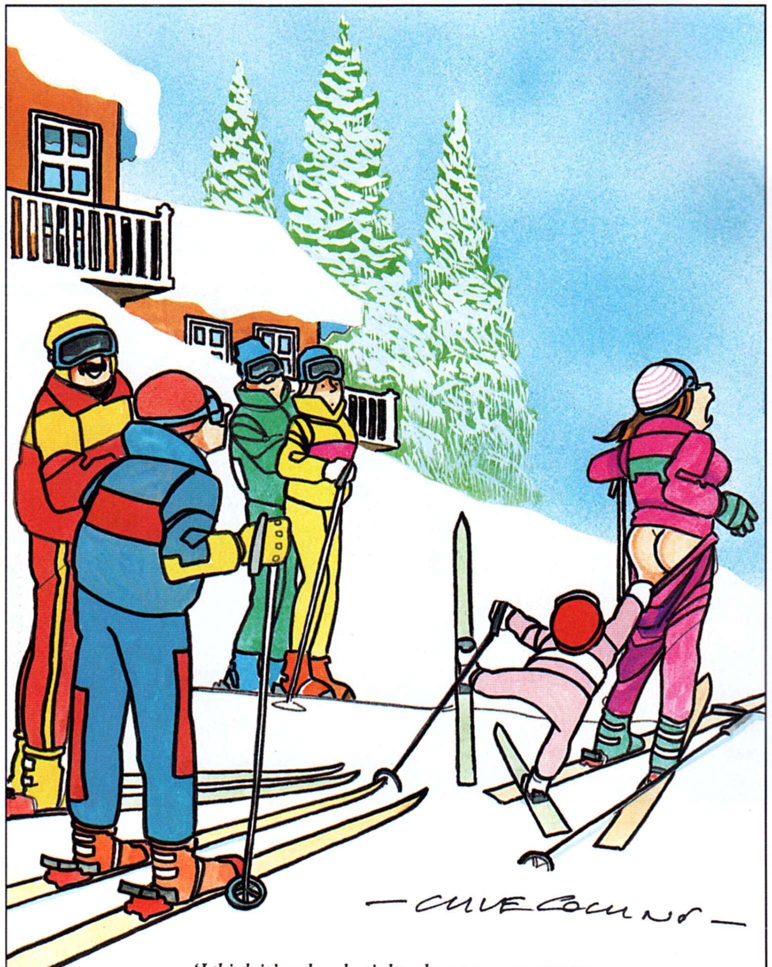
JB, London

Spankagram girl

I very much enjoyed your feature on Kissagram girls (Vol 25 No 12), and it reminded me of my most memorable experience with one of these lovely ladies. Fortunately (or unfortunately), I was not the victim, instead it was a guy called John (name changed), who worked in the computer department in the same office as myself.

The occasion was his stag night, and the boys from the office turned out in force. For the first couple of hours everything was quite normal, apart from John knocking back drinks as fast as we could buy them. Then, quite incongruously, a young girl in a long ankle-length

turn to page 18



'I think it's a lovely sight when you see parents bringing their children along to the nursery slopes . . .'

"He allows me to be myself"

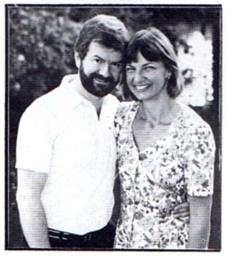
Philip, a chartered surveyor from Wales, felt that relationships through work were not a good idea, but how else could he meet someone? Lindsay, a systems analyst, agreed, and after yet another Christmas on her own decided to do something about it by joining Dateline. Philip had been a member for some months before meeting Lindsay, but he was the first man she met. From the beginning it was very obvious how comfortable they were together and how much they had in common. "Initially it struck me how much of a friend Philip was – the most marvellous thing about him is how he allows me to be myself." Eventually it became obvious that they wanted to get married and as Lindsay says "We fit so well together – I mean after only 3 months I was planning to buy my wedding shoes in the sales and he hadn't even asked me then! I was going to give him a few more months then if he hadn't asked me I was going to ask him." She didn't have to, and they were married last July.

"Something made me think I wanted him there and then."

Marjorie lived almost on Richard's doorstep and when she saw him so smiling and with his lovely silver-white hair, she says "I just felt I couldn't let him go." "I wouldn't admit it to myself for a long time," says Richard, "but it was definitely a fairytale story of love at first sight. I more or less made up my mind that she was the one for me and I decided to go all out to try and win her."

Dateline

Finding happiness for people of all ages all over the country



"A friend of mine said she was going to join Dateline and I remember thinking 'Oh she's ever so brave, if only I could do that!"

Margaret's life had revolved around her son and she had been on her own for many years. Margaret finally plucked up enough courage to join and after meeting quite a few people finally wrote to Bill. Bill was concerned that as Margaret was from London "she might be very sophisticated, a bit hard and insincere," but he liked her letter very much and her, in person, even more. "I thought she was very nice, very pretty and very caring, totally different from what I expected." They met in January and were engaged by April, but as Bill says "Join Dateline – just look at us! Dateline matches you with the type of person you're looking for. If you meet people through the more usual ways you may be physically attracted but you may have nothing in common. This way there is so much we can share and we have the attraction as well."

'We met through* Dateline*'

You too can find love

If you would like a 'love story' of your own, someone to love and care for, and you are beginning to wonder where you can find that special person, come to Dateline.

Seventeen to Seventy...

Many tens of thousands of people of all ages and occupations, from all over the country, join Dateline every year looking for someone to love. These are people who instead of waiting passively to see what life will bring, have decided not to leave their happiness to chance. Every day couples meet who are amazed at how right they are for each other – proof that Dateline works! If you want to meet someone with the same hopes, ambitions and interests as yourself, and are simply not meeting them socially or at work, Dateline, the largest, longest established and most successful computer dating agency in the world combines personal service with the speed and efficiency of modern technology to open up a whole new circle of compatible people for you; interesting, suitable people who could be living very close, people who you might never meet without Dateline's help.

Dateline The world's largest most successful agency

23 ABINGDON RD. LONDON W8 6AL. Tel. 071 938 1011

The happy couples pictured here are just a few of the many thousands who have found the partner they were seeking through Dateline. To find out how Dateline could be successful for you, complete this coupon and send it to us in complete confidence, and without any obligation. We will send you FREE a full colour comprehensive guide to how Dateline works, and ALSO a free copy of "All you need is Love", a Sphere paperback, full of genuine stories of how real Dateline members in different circumstances found their 'perfect partner'. This tells you more than any brochure possibly could, the true story of Dateline. We will also send you details of just one of the many Dateline members who could be your 'perfect partner'...

FREE

● *I enclose 3 first class stamps*

START HERE

1. I AM OVER 17

Single ☐ **Widowed** ☐ **Divorced** ☐

Your Sex put M or F

Your Height ft. ins.

Your age yrs.

Age you would like to meet min. max (BLOCK CAPITALS)

First Name ....

Surname ....

Address ....

....

....

....

....

Postcode ....

Occupation ....

Religion ....

2. Tick ✓ which characteristics best describe you.

ARE YOU: Warmhearted ☐ Fashionwise ☐ Practical ☐
Serious ☐ Shy ☐ Conventional ☐
Considerate ☐ Romantic ☐ Reliable ☐
Adventurous ☐

3. Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put an X against those you dislike, and leave blank where you have no preference.

Wining/Dining ☐
Pubs ☐
Sports/Keep Fit ☐
Politics/History ☐
Reading ☐
Travelling ☐
Science/Tech. ☐
Cinema ☐
Pets/Animals ☐
Pop/Rock music ☐
Jazz/Folk music ☐
Classical music ☐
Theatre/Arts ☐
Watching TV ☐
Smoking ☐
Drinking ☐
Children ☐
Homemaking ☐
Gardening ☐
Countryside ☐

Tick the relevant boxes if you would like to receive details of: Dateline Gold ☐ *Dateline Video* ☐ *Services.*

ALSO **Dateline Magazine – many hundreds of new people to meet each month – on sale at good newsagents.**

Start your own 'love story' by posting this coupon today to:

Dateline Dept (F99) 23 Abingdon Rd.
London W8 6AL
Tel: 071 938 1011

to ask her out for a drink on arrival, she might yet have something to celebrate from this pig of a trip.

She was a big imposing girl, the sort Telford preferred, for like many small men, he was attracted to this physical opposite. He couldn't stand mousey or delicate women; he liked them big and bouncy, with enough meat on their buttocks to give him a fight. This one certainly had that — lovely wide hips on her — firm love-handles he could hold while giving her one — he dreamed of bending her over and giving her a thumping back-scuttle, those solid cheeks of hers slapping against his thighs as he poked his periscope up for a look.

He took another look at her to fortify his fantasy. Bare legs, no tights, probably with a pussy on her like a plum. Then he glanced up at her face and found she was staring straight at him.

She had caught him out.

So what? thought Telford, who was by nature a cocky and aggressive individual. There was nothing to be lost by making it obvious he fancied her, he reasoned; nothing to be gained by being coy. If she was upset by his bold approach, then he'd be out of luck, wouldn't he? He'd survive. By the look of this one, though, she wouldn't be upset and if she wasn't, then he was in — perhaps in with a bang!

As the miles ticked by, the carriage grew warmer and passengers sleepier. The pustular youth passed out to the sound of a chart success, while the lactating mother went off to breastfeed the next generation. Newcastle went by, and then Durham, and Telford concentrated on making progress.

He leaned back little by little, holding his eyes as if drowsy, and secretly staring at the girl's legs. She was wearing a tight denim skirt — not a miniskirt unfortunately, (just as well, he thought with a reminiscent grin. As a randy teenager when mini-skirts first-appeared, he'd hardly been able to walk the streets then without getting a hard-on. He'd pogo-sticked his way round London in those days.)

It was a very tight denim skirt, with buttons up the front at three inch intervals. As he'd already estimated, she was hefty-sized, and the weight of her bottom and the spread of her legs meant that those buttons had a fair bit of pressure on them. Not surprisingly, they were pulling apart — revealing to Telford a quite tantalising amount of dark and tempting space. He wondered what she'd do if he simply reached across and put his hand up her kilt. Scream the house down probably, he decided, but the idea was an entertaining one. He felt his crotch begin to stir, and pulled his copy of the *Guardian* across his lap to cover the rapid eruption.

Again she looked at him, though this time he didn't turn away, but instead stared boldly back. Disappointingly, there was no response — but Telford wasn't discouraged. There were an awful lot of miles before they reached Bristol, and he'd be surprised if he hadn't made some progress by then.

At York many of the travellers left for other connections. Only the scabrous youth and the muling mother remained in sight. Telford cheered up. He may not have had opportunity to talk to the girl, but at least he felt less surrounded. Some time after York the sleeping baby woke, yelled once loudly, and threw up over its mother. The shower was wide spread, so that Telford had to leap quickly out of range. Needless to say, his flight to safety landed him across the aisle, where the seat opposite the girl was invitingly empty. As he settled himself down in this more advantageous position, he smiled at the girl, as if to say — sorry, but what else could I do? — and this time she responded. Unfortunately there was little further he could say. Baby vomit did not strike him as a very interesting topic with which to start a conversation, especially not a prospective seduction.

The girl, who had been sleeping prior to this disturbance lay back again and closed her eyes. Telford began to plan his attack once again. His best chance was if she went to the bar — he could then follow her, and chat her up in reasonable peace. He had no intention of revealing himself and his designs in front of the packed plebs in the opposite seats. In the freedom of the bar he would be uninhibited.

Meanwhile the girl had sunk quite low into the seat, and was stretching her long bare legs out under Telford. Whether by accident or design, her skirt was riding up, revealing more and more of a pair of deliciously rounded thighs to Telford's eager eyes. He gazed hard at them, found he was staring and hastily glanced away, lest anyone should have noticed the look of rabid lust on his face.

No-one had. The youth with the spots was fiddling with his Sony Walkman; mother, baby and infant had vanished to pick puke off their clothes; no-one else was close enough to see what he as up to.

Right, he thought, here goes. Feigning sleepiness himself, he rocked his head backwards and shut his eyes, falling immediately into apparent deep slumber. That accomplished, it only remained for him to stretch his legs out in front of him, alternating the girl's legs with his own for him to experience an intense erotic sensation. He could feel an electric tingle as her bare legs touched him, could sense the heat of her body as he interlocked limbs. Now it was only a matter of sliding down his seat and he was almost in.

Oh God, he groaned internally. This was better than a screw. Her legs were apart enough, her dress was high enough for him to see light at the end of the tunnel. What had previously been dark was now revealed to his feasting eyes. Her long, rounded thighs led up to a white triangle of diaphanous knicker.

Jesus, thought Telford. He had such a hardness now he could punch rivets in a battleship. And, at that exact moment, she opened her eyes and smiled.

Telford's heart gave a judder, and almost stopped entirely. He had been caught in the act, and there was no pretending otherwise. Even the protective *Guardian* had dropped from his lap, and the shape of this thickening appendage was there for her to see. She'd have to be blind to miss it, and she certainly wasn't that. In a panic, he struggled to sit up, only to find his legs were so closely entwined with those of the girl that movement was impossible.

He looked at her appealingly, as if to pretend that some unforeseen accident had led to this ridiculous situation — but to his amazement he found she still had that smug smile, that slow, confident smirk. Far from being horrified at her situation she was obviously enjoying it! Telford's heart pumped loud again, this time with the realisation that he couldn't move because she was holding him pinioned tight!

Now the whole crazy scene took on a different aspect. He stopped trying to sit up, relaxed once more, and left his legs locked with hers. Taking his cue from the girl, who had shut her eyes once more, Telford allowed himself to sink into this unlikely mutual fantasy that had suddenly started to come true.

She must be a weirdo, he decided, getting her kicks by fondling fellows. She must be dying for it, he breathed, as he felt her rub a foot up the back of his thigh. Why not? It was supposed to be the age of the liberated woman. It was just his luck to actually find one. He was a reasonable

turn to page 70

CLOSED
SEX SHOP
SEX AIDS!
— CLIVE COLLINS —

'Couldn't we just take the salesman's word when he says it's good merchandise?'

Alarm
PULL THE CORD
PENALTY FOR IMPROPER USE £50

The girl opposite was his physical ideal, big and bouncy with memorable hips. So why shouldn't he fantasise about her! After all, they couldn't have sex on a train. Could they..?

TELFORD'S TRIP

Fiction by Morgan Taylor

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

Telford pushed his way along the narrow aisle of the crowded train carriage, hot and angry with himself.

As if it wasn't bad enough that the boss had sent him on the trip at two hours' notice, now he had to face the prospect of a long journey in a smelly train full of unattractive people. If it had been up to him, he would have booked a first class seat and travelled in reasonable comfort, but no, now he would have to put up with this squalid mass of humanity.

Opposite him a pale youth was busy decapitating the pimples on his neck, to the tune of the discordant music coming from his headphone set. Next to him a fat and vacuous mother cradled a sleeping baby, while between her elephantine legs a wet-nosed infant drooled into a discoloured bib. At intervals of not more than thirty seconds, the mother broke off from her crooning to swat the boy about the head, alternating this brutality with occasional endearments.

Telford hunched up in his seat, and swore a wicked chant to himself... he would boil them down and make them into soap... then he saw the girl.

She was across the cigarette strewn aisle from him — a dark-haired, black-eyed wench of 25 or so. Telford's erectile tissue re-acted instantly at the sight, for he was still young enough to fancy his chances with every girl he met.

She had on a tight woollen jumper, with that close-knitted texture that accentuated the outlines underneath. Even seated as she was, it was obvious she had a pair of deliciously firm and graspable boobs — large enough to strain her tight bra to the limits.

Telford squirmed about on his seat, finding her closeness in the heat of the train exciting — and reflecting that perhaps the long and lonely trip to Bristol might not be so boring after all. Perhaps — who knows? He had to spend the night there, so, if he could chat up this statuesque girl enough

HAS ~ BEANS

Motoring with William Boddy

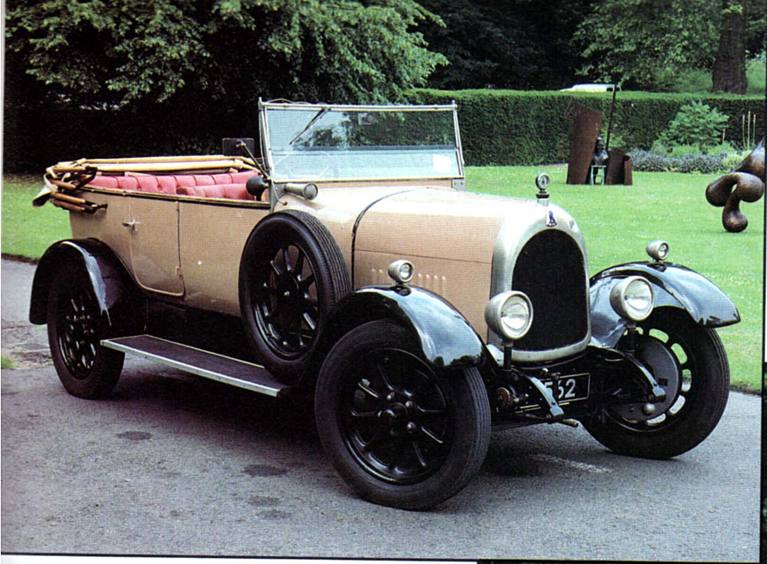
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The historic Bean motor car conjures up thoughts of motoring days long past. The last model rolled off the production line 60 years ago, and belonged to the era of hoods, side curtains and leather upholstery.

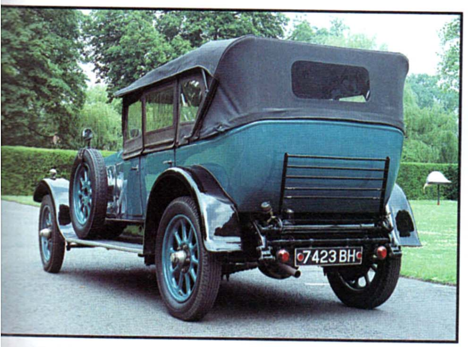
The Bean also takes us back to less pleasant motoring memories such as a 20 mph speed-limit, frequent punctures, hand-cranking of stubborn engines, and no heaters, screen-washers or other present-day amenities. The first car of the Bean range surfaced in 1919. Despite the recent conclusion of a bloody war, the British public were keen to go motoring, regardless of the primitive roads and cars of the time.

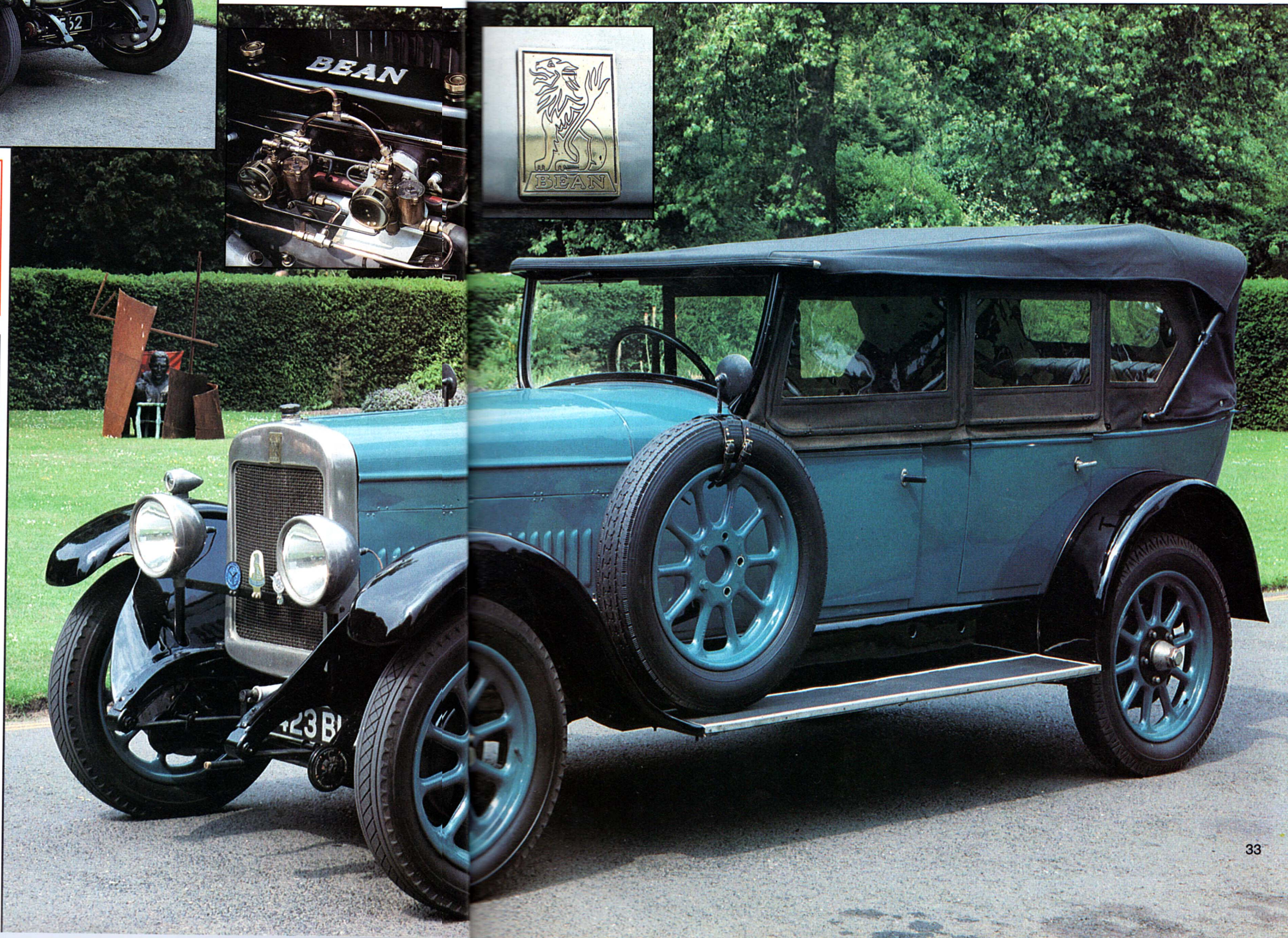
It was to meet this anticipated demand that A. Harper and Sons, and Bean Limited set up the Bean car at their works in Tipton near Dudley in Worcestershire. They had the ambitious plan of

In the 1920's with he whole world clamourin or cars, the Bean set outo challenge Ford and Aun. It failed, but 60 years er the last model rolled off the production line, he remaining Beans are ore cherished than ever beore



Main picture and two pictures below: the grandly-elegant Bean 2.6 litre 18/50 tourer of 1928 with its versatile canvas hood. Inset: the car's six-cylinder Meadows engine with its highly-polished twin zenith carburettors. Small inset: the engraved Bean radiator badge. Above: the earlier 14 hp Bean tourer from 1925.





SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Vintages are but pale ploys around the real thing.

A *Vintage* is declared only in the very best years after consultation between the top growers among themselves and the IVP *Instituto do Vinho do Porto*.

Vintage, as opposed to a *Single Quinta Vintage*, is a blend of the same year. They both spend only two years in oak casks and the rest of their life before consumption in tall, black, bottles laid on their sides to mature in dark cellars.

They are kept in the shipper's cellars for four to five years. The 1985 *Graham's* is being shipped now. *Graham's* own taste notes say it is characteristically rich with an underlying firmness, beautifully fresh, attractive on the nose, and full-bodied.

To give you some idea of port-keeping let me tell you what *Graham's* say about their 1960 *Vintage*. 'Lovely balance. Mellowed to a point of being excellent drinking now.' Only 30 years on? See what I mean?

The *Single Quinta Vintage* is a wine 'declared' solely by the grower. A wine of excellent quality, perfectly acceptable, but not a *Vintage*. And if you know your port you will know the difference when you taste it. Gutsy, good, but not the Real McCoy!

Crusted is a blend from more than one year which spends longer in cask — three to four years — and an average three in bottle. Because of its extra cask time it matures quicker than *Vintage*, and is reasonably priced.

The rest of the trade are the Infantry, Senior NCOs' and Other Ranks. In descending order: *Graham's Six Grapes*, full bodied, and softened by oak maturation rather than in bottle, *Late Bottled Vintage*, the best of a single but undeclared year, and aged solely in cask like the other Non-Officer classes.

But do try the 10, 20, 30 and 40 year old *Tawnies*. The boys of the old brigade, soft, creamy . . . sit, sip, and savour, when your head or your pocket cannot reach a genuine *Vintage*!

Travel

Ian Marlowe

'Chicago, my kinda' town', sings Mr Sinatra as background accompaniment to the *Here's Chicago* permanent audio-visual exhibition in the old pumping station on North Michigan Avenue which, like the water tower building opposite, was one of the few survivors of the 1871 Great Fire.

Chicago, long the world's No 1 convention and trade show centre, is at last going into core tourism. The amusing part about it is that although it is trying to live down its gangster past, and push the cultural aspect, instead, the Roaring Twenties era of Prohibition, mobsters and bootlegging insists on being heard.

I listen as Sir George Sholti leads the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in a tribute to Chopin. The next day my itinerary calls for me to be at the Arts Theatre of Chicago to look at one of the world's leading collections of French Impressionists. Under the courtly tutelage of James Bidwell, chairman of the city's Tourist Council, I will also go to the Lyric Opera, the Museum of Science and Industry, the Adler Planetarium, and the Field Museum of Natural History.

TODAY
BUSINESSMANS
LUNCH
£3.75

'.. And for sweet can I recommend the "Apple Take-Over," sir?'

This morning, though, promises to be different. A black, 1920s bus, screeches to a halt outside the pumping station. Two characters in double-breasted pinstripes, wearing snap brim fedoras, and carrying M21 Thomson sub-machine guns, get out and point me aboard.

I am being taken for a ride on *Untouchable Tours*, courtesy of the proprietors, 'Dixie Don' Fielding, and 'South Side' Dan Alton. As Chicago's policemen grin and wave us on we set out on our black pilgrimage. This is State Street, the site of Dion O'Banion's flower shop. Mr O'Banion, altar boy turned bootlegger, got his on November 20, 1924, as you may have read in Vol 25 No 10. We cruise over the underpass where *Chicago Tribune* reporter, Jake Lingle, expired on June 9, 1930, and here is the hole in the ground which was 2126, South Wabash, scene of Big Jim Colosimo's demise on November 5, 1920.

Our photographs are taken in the alley beside the Biograph Theater where John Herbert Dillinger was gunned down by federal agent, Melvin Hayes, on July 22, 1934.

We visit the warehouse, scene of the St Valentine's Day Massacre in 1929, and finally, are asked to remove our hats outside the derelict Lexington Hotel as 'South Side' intones, 'This building, gentlemen, was the headquarters of Mr Alphonse Capone, of whom whereof I speak most carefully . . .'

This is America where people believe in taking life as it is, or was, warts and all. We are given *Untouchables* mugs, and cigars as our guides wave goodbye with their Thomson typewriters.

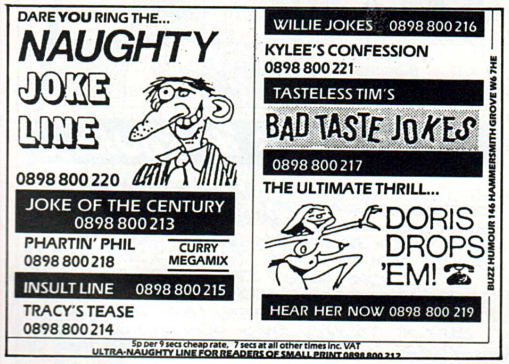
'We have survived the Great Fire, the Prohibition and gangster eras. Today, the city of Chicago is a changing and dynamic community.' concludes the voice over. They can say that a I flew south over Lake Mich from Toronto on the last In Summer Sunday afternoon o year. The skyscrapers rise u meet us as we make a final ci over East Lakeshire Drive to at O'Hare International. Lakeshore is where I am stay the yuppiest part of downtown the magnificent shopping mi North Michigan which has al big names; Saks, Bloomingda Bontwit Teller. I emerge to be by the *Mayfair Regent* limmo, the length of a cri pitch, with black shaded wind Irrespective of the claims of Angeles, Chicago still reg itself as America's second city capital of the powerhouse, Middle West. Today, he industry and the stockyards out. 'In' are relocation, high t and finance.

If you think of Brighton beac smack in the City of London th Chicago. People swim, windsurf, and suntan the other of the twelve lane freeway, o for long healthy walks along city's 33 miles of shoreline.

Chicago is a place f neighbourhoods. North Sid more fashionable than South S. It is also a place to eat well at a greater choice of ethnic restaur than you will ever see in Lon It is also a very sporting city its American football team, baseball side, and the Chic Black Hawks ice hockey men What Chicago has, apart from world's two tallest buildings, a buzz. It has been called the American of cities, meaning most get up and go, and the brash. It is fiercely aware o position at the crossroads of North American contin situated, as it is, just under Canadian border and half across the United States.

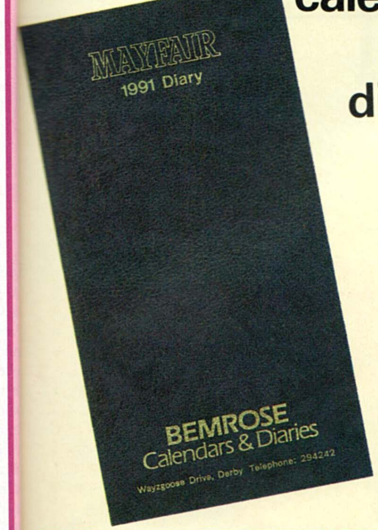
I enjoyed The Big C. I felt aliv would like to see Lake Michi again in mid-summer when the does not live up to its wi reputation so much.

'May I say how rare it is t see someone enjoy their me so much.'


DARE YOU RING THE...
NAUGHTY JOKE LINE
0898 800 220
JOKE OF THE CENTURY 0898 800 213
PHARTIN' PHIL 0898 800 218
CURRY MEGAMIX
INSULT LINE 0898 800 215
TRACY'S TEASE 0898 800 214
WILLIE JOKES 0898 800 216
KYLEE'S CONFESSION 0898 800 221
TASTELESS TIM'S BAD TASTE JOKES 0898 800 217
THE ULTIMATE THRILL... DORIS DROPS 'EM!
HEAR HER NOW 0898 800 219
BUZZ HUMOUR 146 HAMMERSMITH GROVE W6 7HE
5p per 9 secs cheap rate, 7 secs at all other times inc. VAT
ULTRA-NAUGHTY LINE FOR READERS OF SMALL PRINT 0898 800 212

DOUBLE DELIGHT

with Mayfair's 1991 calendar and diary



Mon
Tue
Wed
Thu
Fri
Sat
1 2 3 4 5
7 8 9 10 11 12
14 15 16 17

Yvonne Currie (MAYFAIR, Volume 24, Num

What could better dispel the icy chill of the New Year than spending a whole month with hot and spicy Yvonne Currie (Vol 24/4), pictured right. Yvonne is just one of the twelve stunning girls you can make a date with in our sensational 1991 *Mayfair* Calendar and Diary offer, giving you both these ideal companion pieces for only £5 (including p & p). Or buy them separately. Measuring an impressive 17 x 10 inches, the full-colour calendar features a superb high-quality gloss finish, making it the ideal personal or business gift. It shows our girls off as never before, and sells for only £2.95 (including p&p).

The handy 52-page diary features the same 12 beautiful girls, as well as month and page entry, foward planner, telephone and address section and the *Mayfair* good wine guide, and costs only £2.70.

ORDER FORM

To Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer, 6 Gt James St., London WC1N 3DA. Please rush me

. . . Calendars at £2.95 each . . . . Diaries at £2.70 each . . . . Special sets of Calendar and Diary at £5.00 each

Name . . . . Address M26/1

I enclose a cheque/P.O. for £ . . . . . . made payable to *Mayfair*. (U.S. prices are: Cal $7; Diary $6; Set $12 inc overseas p&p)

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, then photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Bible reading

Brethren, today's lesson is taken from *The Safer Sex Maniac's Bible* written by Tuppy Owen, probably the most useful book in the world for the international randy bastard.

I mean where else could you find out how to say, 'I enjoy being tied up' in Hebrew (*Ani ochev leanat thiat cashur*) or 'I can't understand a word you're saying but let's make love anyway' in Dutch (*Ik begnjp je niet laten we gewoon vrijen*)? Or discover where you can buy anything from an arse spreader (California) to an anatomically correct inflatable love sheep (London WC2). The ladies aren't ignored either. Advice offered includes how to put on a condom with your mouth or twirl tassels on your nipples, or for the rather more subdued, the polite way to tell a man who thinks you're a prostitute that he's mistaken ('Sorry, I'm not in business.') If on the other hand (or should that be *with* the other hand) you just prefer reading or watching, there's an international list of magazines on every subject, clubs with erotic shows, and advice for voyeurs ('don't tap on the windows of cars where couples are making love or suggest that they do certain things.') All this in a pocket sized paperback priced £4.99 *The Safer Sex Maniac's Bible* is available by writing to PO Box 4ZB London, W1A 4ZB and begins with Tuppy's Ten Sexual Commandments. Number Three states simply, 'Defend sexual freedom without shame.' I think we'd all say Amen to that.

Dream come true

A somewhat larger tome but just as likely to have some men in ecstasy is *Dream Cars* by Peter Dron (Hamlyn £12.95).

As editor of *Fast Lane* magazine, Dron has done what most of us can only daydream about, and test-driven 50 of the world's most amazing motors. For example, there's the Lambo Diablo, Isdera Imperator, Ferrari Testarossa and Aston Martin Virage right down to the 'humble' Ford Sapphire RS Cosworth — and he's still alive to tell the tale. In fact, what he does is discuss (with the help of 170 large colour pictures) what makes these cars so charismatic, and why the red sports car still makes so many of us green with envy. But I think we already knew that — they are fast, comfortable, attract women like bees round a honeypot and cost more money than many of us earn in years. The book may not get the birds flocking around you, but at least you'll be able to afford to buy them a drink!

Vac's entertainment

One of the silliest and sexiest videos we've seen for some time has to be *Brigette the Cleaner Gets Dirty* — one of two half hour stories per tape on Lazer Video's new collection. Imagine if you can a beautiful blonde being attacked by a horny hoover that talks, makes disgusting gobbling noises and has a predilection for sucking girls' clothes off and vacuuming their nipples!

Brigette encounters this sucker when she goes to clean the house of a mad inventor. But as soon as she starts, Proto, the cylinder cleaner with far from upright motive, is attacking her blouse going, 'Gimme, gimme!'. Soon the top disappears down the nozzle along with her bra — and the vicious vacuum goes to work on her nipples! Not long after, Brigette, like all-too-many cleaners gives up and has a bath instead — only for Proto to re-appear and suck the water out. But then as the song in the background says, Proto is a clean machine with a dirty mind!' Ludicrous? Yep! But producer Roger Daniels likes it that way. 'Comedy is sadly lacking in the naughty video market,' he says. 'We also believe in having a real storyline and music especially written for each film.' His three two-story videos also feature a number of *Mayfair* favourites picked, not just for their loveliness but their acting ability, including Gaynor Bell, Stephanie Bews and Tara Bardot. The results are highly entertaining. Other stories include Mandy the naughty secretary, Helen getting the hots in the kitchen and Helina photographing herself in the studio.

Each hour-long tape costs £20, and is available by writing to Lazer Video, Dept M, Instyte Productions, PO Box 1154, Marlborough, Wilts, SN8 1VY. If they're all as madly inventive as the girl with the leching Electrolux, they should clean up!

Surface with a smile

It's amazing what you can see underwater — and we're not just talking reefs and fascinating fish here, as photographer Andy Wilkinson realises. Some time ago he decided to try his hand at photography below the surface to capture some sights Jacques Cousteau missed in his wildlife documentaries, and take a thoroughly wet look at a few undressed or semi-clothed lovelies.

'Oooh,' we hear you say, 'bet his camera cost a lot.' Actually no. Anyone can emulate Andy's efforts. His shots were taken with a humble Kodak Weekend 35 priced under £10! So slip off to the swimming pool with one tomorrow. Who knows, you might click — but don't hold your breath!

Driving ambition?

If your mate is the type who watches motor racing on the TV and thinks he could do better, why not take him (or her) up on it. Brands Hatch rather rashly, invite anyone to have a go at their activity centre based at the famous 40-year-old track. Here you can driver a sports saloon and Formula First single seater under expert guidance, try out the skidpan, or be taken on a hair-raising run by a top driver.

And if that isn't hairy enough, there's also a kart-racing track, shooting range and a chance to try parascending. In short, a very effective way to sort out the men from the boy-racers. Courses cost £65 (for the initial trial) or £130 (for a course that also includes timed laps and extra individual tuition).

If up to now, the extent of your driving ambition was screeching away from the lights on the South Circular, why don't you give it a go?

Telephone 0474 872 367 for further information.

Taking the rise?

A private clinic recently sent us the somewhat startling statistic that 1,500,000 men in the UK are impotent. Possibly after closing time on New Year's Eve...but surely not during the day? They go on to suggest you attend their Extended Care Clinic (presumably designed to care for the unextended) based at Preston Court Lodge, Preston Lodge Farm, Preston Deanery, Northampton. But we prefer the advice given in a book on sexual problems issued to school children. We quote: 'Failure to achieve erection is a common problem. If you have any questions or fears about impotency, go and see your doctor, and he'll soon straighten things out for you.'

Farewell — and fare well

A personal message from the Editor

This issue ends an era, my last *Mayfair* after 24 years as Editor. I have accepted an offer for the magazine, and with the February issue the ownership of *Mayfair* passes to Paul Raymond, one of Britain's best-known publishers.

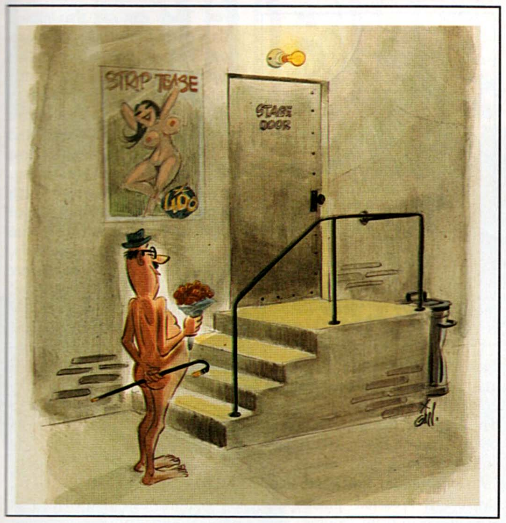
Many people have said that the Editorship of *Mayfair* was the best job in Britain. It has certainly been both fascinating and fun. The years have seen *Mayfair* grow into the 25th biggest magazine in Britain. Circulating in 27 countries overseas, it is the biggest export earner of any British magazine.

We have over the years brought you Bardot and Bentleys, nudity and nostalgia, steam trains and stocking tops, Victoria Principal and the Girl Next Door. All in a unique and unlikely mix that has made *Mayfair* a British publishing institution.

Under its new editor, Stephen Bleach, the magazine will march confidently into 1991.

May *Mayfair* always fare well.

Kenneth Bound



Wines

Charles Fforde

There can be few greater exercises for an Englishman in sheer hedonism than to be invited to a country weekend, Portuguese style, deep in the heart of the Douro, as the guest at his private Quinta of one of the leaders of the British port industry.

Such was my 'fate' when I joined a small party of wine writers and flew to Oporto at the behest of James Symington, managing director of long established *W & J Graham & Co*.

Our first night in Portugal's northern capital at the Hotel Atlantico was preceded by welcoming drinks at Mr Symington's house. Three decanters of the firm's 1970 went down rather well. Our host expressed mannered surprise at the rapidity with which that had happened. We, in turn, were gracious enough to murmur agreement.

The train ride, a hundred kilometres into the hinterland to the port lodges, is something that properly belongs to our travel pages. Suffice to say it takes nearly four leisurely hours; most of them spent along the north bank of the Douro river.

This picturesque waterway has now been given a new (if somewhat stagnant) lease of life by damming. It has made the waters wider and deeper, and much more in keeping with the surrounding cliffs, mountains... and port lodges.

James Symington has his own private station. The form is simple though a touch un-nerving. When the train whoo-whoo's around the last bend on approach, some brave soul stands on the tracks waving his hands, W C Fields fashion in *My Little Chickadee*, until it stops. We are poured off to trudge (it's good for us, we said) up the escarpment to the Quinta dos Malvedos where the British and Portuguese flags fly high over the verandah overlooking the Douro and the surrounding, truly breathtaking, melange of still waters and high greenery.

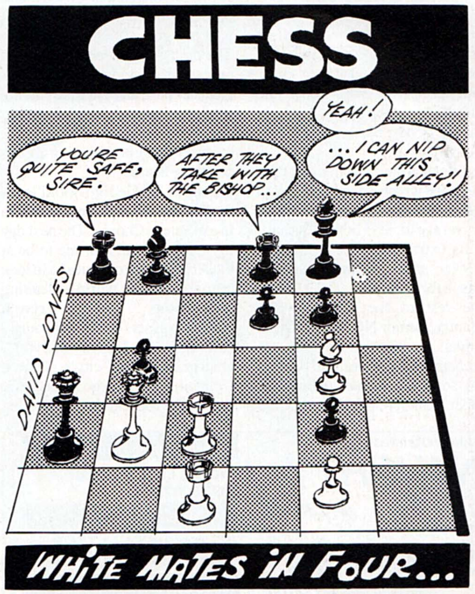
The grapes are grown, the wines are picked, and the lovely nectar actually made in these port lodges prior to being trucked (these days) back to Vila Nova da Gaia, on the bank facing Oporto, to be eventually shipped to the UK.

In the 15th century as Anglo-French relations grew increasingly hostile (plus ca change?) our dependence upon Portugal as a supplier increased. It was that very independence which encouraged British merchants to venture further inland into the rugged Alto Douro.

The region's rich red wines did not always travel well, and in order to keep them fresh, brandy was added to the casks. These pioneering merchants soon learned that the more fortified and sweeter the wine, the greater favour it found amongst the British. Thus, port, the world's most famous fortified wine, was born.

Some ports are made at Graham's own quintas like Malvedos, others, from top quality grapes brought in from reliable other quintas and vinified at the company's winery. Still others are made by Graham's on the growers' quintas, where mutal trust has built up over many years.

There are two main divisions of port. Those which form a crust and need to be decanted, such as *Vintage*, *Single Quinta Vintage*, and obviously *Crusted*, itself, and the Wood Ports which mature solely in cask and throw off their crust or sediment in them, so they are drinkable without decantation. *Vintage* is king, top of the tree, the greatest port in the world, and the price reflects its status. All other


CHESS
YEAH!
YOU'RE QUITE SAFE, SIRE.
AFTER THEY TAKE WITH THE BISHOP...
...I CAN NIP DOWN THIS SIDE ALLEY!
DAVID JONES
WHITE MATES IN FOUR...

QUEEN MOVES UP DIAGONALLY RIGHT, TAKING PAWN AND CHECKING KING (Qxf7+). IF KING GOES TO CORNER, THEN QUEEN TAKES THE ROOK MATE. IF, INSTEAD, ROOK TAKES QUEEN (Rxf7), THEN WHITE ROOK MOVES UP TO BACK RANK, GIVING CHECK (Re8+). BLACK ROOK IS FORCED TO MOVE BACK (Rf8) AND WHITE ROOK SWAPS (Rxf8+). KING TAKES (Kxf8), AND THE OTHER WHITE ROOK MOVES UP. CHECKMATE, SUPPORTED BY THE BISHOP (Re8).

prevent their dream-car turning into a has-Bean. What it did was to bring out the larger-engined Bean Fourteen. It took them until 1924 to get this model into production but it was a more advanced concept, with the gearbox in unit with the 2.3 litre engine.

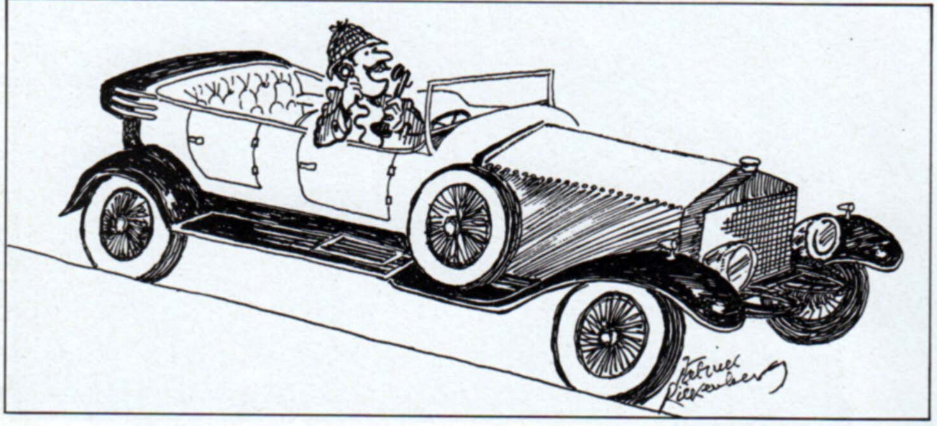
The move paid off, and Beans began to be seen on roads that had been mostly dominated by Morris cars. The Bean Fourteen Tourer with full all-weather protection — those flappy side-curtains and a massive Calso hood — was priced at £395. It seated five including the driver, and the tax on its 75 x 135 mm. engine was up to £14. The top speed was just below 50 mph. But those were more leisurely days . . .

Encouraged by the success of the Bean Fourteen, a revised 12 hp model was announced for the 1925 season. It had the unit gearbox, and a multi-plate clutch, and was a competitive car in the low-priced field, the two-seater being priced at a modest £335. The make was by now a car sufficiently well recognised for Hadfields, the Sheffield steel-producers, to take over the Bean Company by 1926. This was the sign for all manner of new Beans to emerge under the new management, commercial vehicles included.

For example, to get on the prevailing six-cylinder band-wagon, Hadfields bought in 2.7-litre overhead-valve Meadows engines from Wolverhampton, and installed these in a chassis called the 18/50 hp Bean, which was endowed with a changed radiator shape. Hadfields also went for the export markets of the Colonies, which was an obsession on the part of several British car manufacturers around this period. The Bean that was supposed to attract those living abroad was the big 3.8-litre car. Its engine made 'in house', and using a cylinder head contoured by the celebrated automobile engineer, Harry Ricardo. Sadly, it never saw production. But Bean publicity was achieved by the Australian Francis Birtles, who drove one from England to the wilds of India.

The change of management and company didn't improve the Bean reputation, but the old Fourteen soldiered on, and the new range, called Hadfield-Beans, was augmented by the 14/40 hp model, based largely on the previous specifications. However, there was a Bean to attract the sportsman and his girl, those plus-foured, tweed-suited men who took their bobbed beret-wearing girlfriends to Brooklands and the Hendon Air Display. This was the 14/70 hp Hadfield-Bean sports four-seater. By upping the power output, and providing a rakish body with the expected cut-away driver's door, raked windscreen, wire wheels and flowing front mudguards, a quite speedy car was suggested. The engine was based on the former 13.9 hp unit, of 75 x 130 mm. (2297 cc), and was made to pull a 4.0 to 1 top gear ratio, on which the makers claimed the car could reach 70 mph, and go up to 50 mph in third gear of the four-speed gearbox. The wheelbase was ten feet, and the price in 1929, the last year of Bean survival, was £375. There was a matching Hadfield-Bean sports-saloon but these imitation Bentleys failed to attract many sportsmen, and by the end of the year it was all finished. However, Bean Industries went on, and were to be responsible for work on some notable racing cars.

Another good thing about the Bean is that, small as its surviving numbers were by vintage times, a Bean Owners' Club was formed, and when it found it had too few Beans, the club branched out and became a general vintage-car organisation, running some worthwhile events. It has certainly not forgotten the old Bean. Anybody wishing to contact the club for further information should write to the Secretary at the following address: G. Harris, Villa Rosa, Templewood Lane, Farnham Common, Bucks., SL2 3HQ.



MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE
DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your holiday and glamour films developed and printed through our private photo service. We're fast, efficient and completely discreet

12/20/24 exp. *FOR ONLY* £5.99		36 exp. *FOR ONLY* £7.99
All prices include p&p	No. of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Submin, Half Frame or Disc Films. Place films in a strong envelope together with cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Please allow up to 14 days for return of prints.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

Send your order to:
MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
6 Great James Street,
London WC1N 3DA.

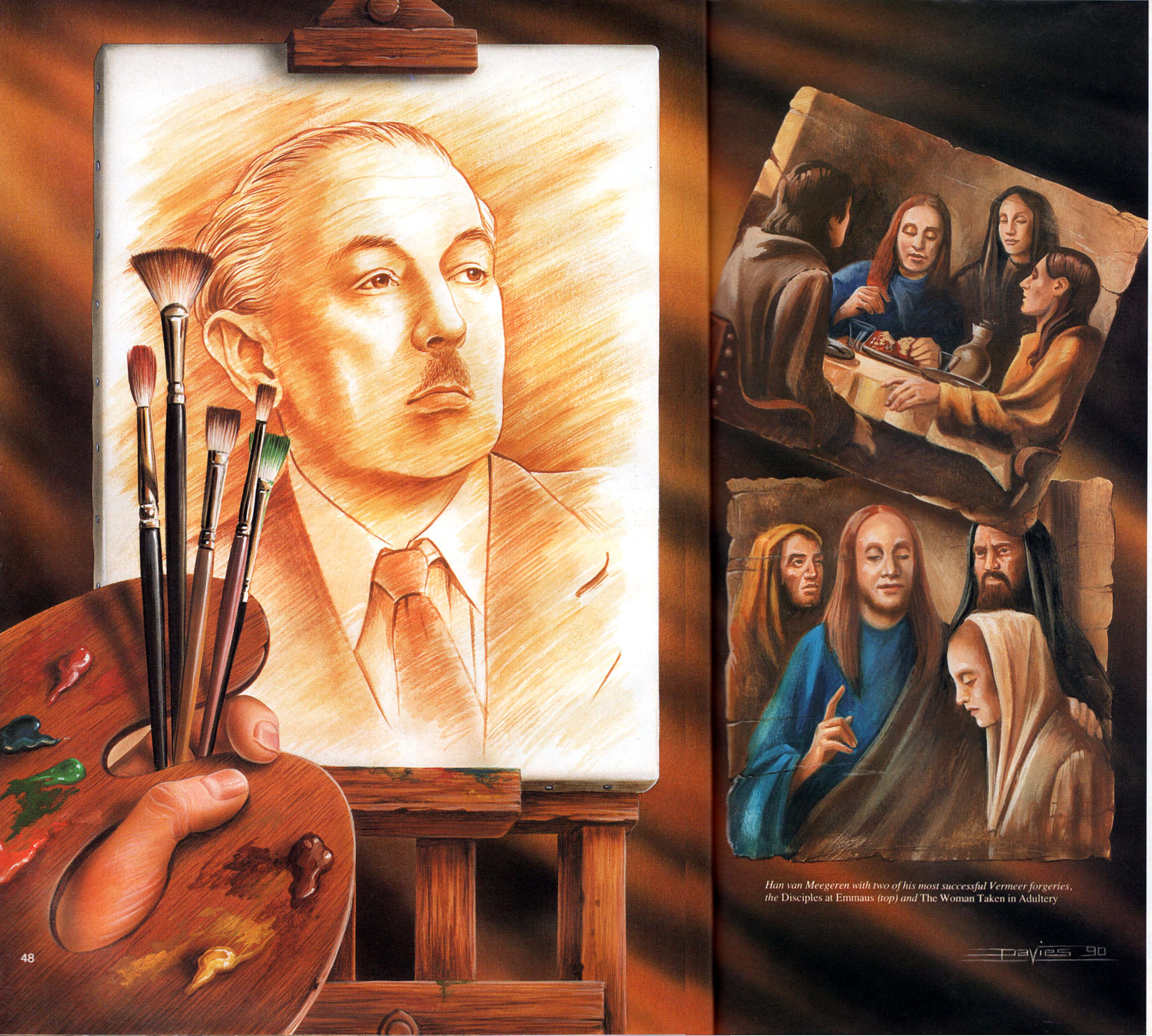
M26/1

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg Office FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

Dutchman Han van Meegeren was the world's greatest art forger, painting eight 'new' Old Masters and earning a fortune, until one of his 'Vermeers' was sold to Herman Goering

The man who made Old Masters

by Gerald Rawling



Han van Meegeren with two of his most successful Vermeer forgeries, the Disciples at Emmaus *(top) and* The Woman Taken in Adultery

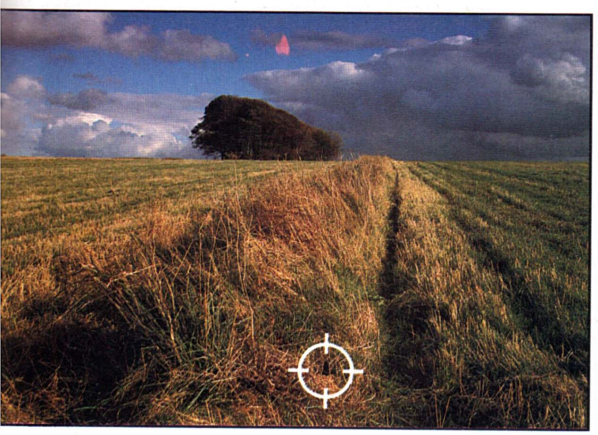
ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DAVIES

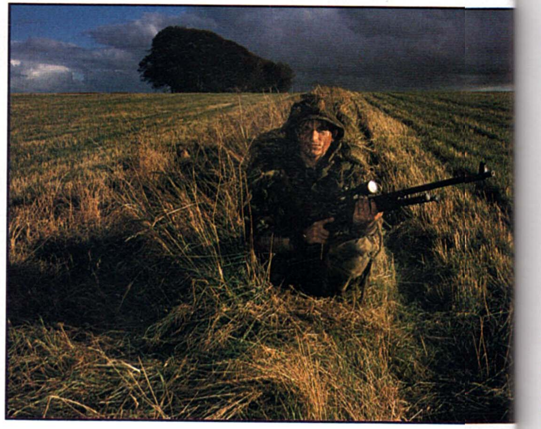
In Amsterdam the morning of October 29, 1947 was cool and clear. Carillons from the numerous churches carried across a city still bearing the physical and mental scars of Nazi occupation. But on the Keizergracht, a quiet, fashionable street, bordering a tree-lined canal near the city centre, there was a frenzied activity. Press from all over the world clustered around a large four-storey house.

At last the front door opened and out stepped a small dapper, neatly moustachioned man in a dark blue suit. Despite grey hair and a deeply hollowed face, showing ravages far beyond his 58 years, he was jaunty. Chatting and joking with the assembled reporters and photographers he set off on foot for nearby Prinsengracht, site of the Fourth Chamber of the Amsterdam District Assize Court, where spectators had been queuing since before dawn.

Later that day, still on foot, the man returned. In just five and a half hours the most celebrated trial in Dutch history for over a generation had begun and ended. The defendent was the Keizengracht resident, Henricus Anthonius, otherwise 'Han' van Meegeren. Though it would be another month before the court announced its decision, there was no doubt of the verdict. Van Meegeren had happily pleaded guilty to obtaining money by fraud and putting false names or signatures 'on certain paintings' to make them appear the works of others.

Those 'certain paintings' included 12 newly discovered masterpieces from the seventeenth





Did you spot the sniper on the previous page? Only his rifle sight, marked top left, gives him away, until he emerges (top right). Others photos show training at Warminster, and the use of 7.62 mm L96 A1 rifles and ammo.

Despite technological advances in many areas of modern warfare, one aspect, at least, remains relatively unchanged since World War 1 — the art of sniping.

The sniper is still one man with a gun, hidden from his adversaries, and relying on his own skill and stamina to eliminate his targets and escape.

The key to sniping remains one man's ability to merge into the surrounding terrain, to be invisible until it is time to strike.

But once a sniper has fired his first shot, his ability to stay hidden, and silently make his escape is cruicial. Lack of muzzle flash in the lastest sniper's rifles is the only concession he has gained from technology.

The skill, and, consequently, the reputation of the professional sniper is undergoing a renaissance in the modern British army right now. This is, perhaps, a result of lessons learned in the Falklands, where trained Argentinian snipers wreaked considerable damage on unprepared British troops.

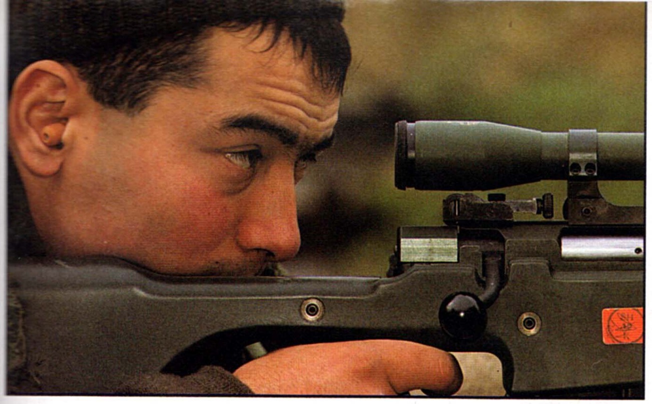
As a result, the last seven years has seen two major changes in the army's approach to snipers. Firstly, there has been a sharp increase in sniper training by all British infantry battalions, and, secondly a new specialist sniper rifle has been issued. This new rifle — the 7.62 mm L96 A1 — has been purpose-built to replace the re-bored Lee Enfield rifle which saw service throughout the first and second world wars.

The new rifle, with its distinctive green livery, was designed by double Olympic gold medal shooting winner Malcolm Cooper, and manufactured by his company, Accuracy International. It is formed from a one piece steel body, with a lightweight moulded nylon plastic cover. It can hit a target from over 2,000 metres, but is most effective at between 800 and 1,000 metres, and it can fire either 7.62 mm or 0.308 shells. Although the L96 is compatible with the latest in laser range-finding technology, it is still primarily dependent on the human element for accuracy.

The School of Infantry at Warminster is at the centre of these new developments. Each infantry battalion surrenders its best shots to the Warminster school, where they undergo its gruelling training course. But the course isn't just about refining the accuracy of the trainees' shooting, it also aims to give them the skills needed to survive in the field.

After the course, a trained sniper will be expected to be able to endure long periods alone in a shallow hide, eating cold food, and with only a plastic bag full of his own excrement for company. Despite these extremes, he will still be expected to remain alert, and respond with split second precision when action is required.

With superpower agreements rumbling towards a non-nuclear era, renewed emphasis is coming on the skills of conventional soldiering. How significant part a sniper will play in these armies of the future, though, will possibly answered by the current conflict in the Gulf, where close fighting would be an element in any struggle.



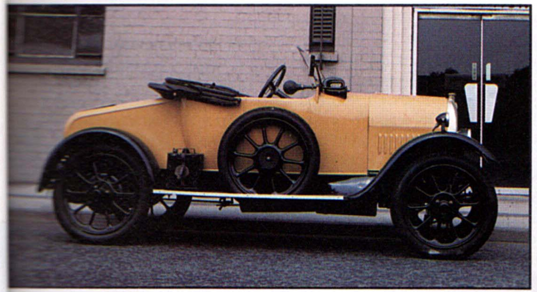
mass-producing a simple, conventional roomy small car of 11.9 taxable horse-power. Prior to that, they had been suppliers of components to the motor industry. No doubt the global success of the Model-T Ford was very much in the minds of the men who were behind the Bean project.

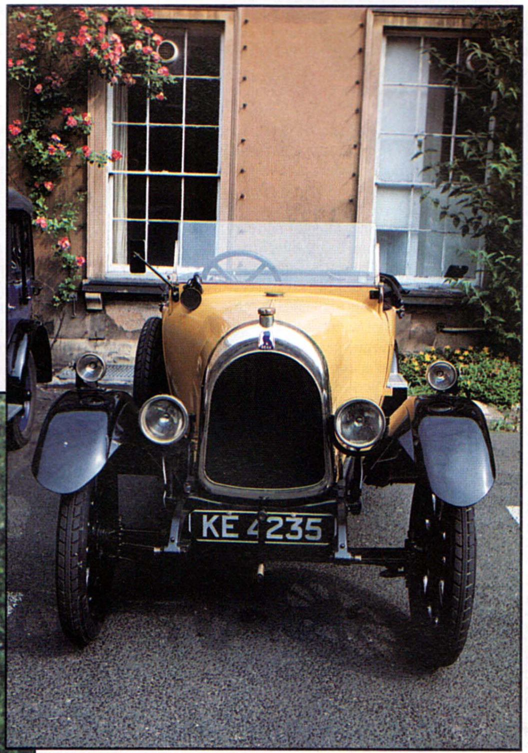
A mixed consortium of car makers, components manufacturers and steel producers, got together to make parts for this new Ford-challenging 11.9 hp Bean. It looked like a recipe for success. The world wanted cars. A new taxation system in Britain was about to be introduced, which would penalise the bigger engines, and put a premium on the long-lived Model-T, which was soon to be taxed at £23 compared to the Bean's £12 per annum. This worked to their advantage in the spartan 1920's when the pennies had to be counted by most of the population. Well-respected companies like Swift, Vulcan and Hadfields joined in the Bean-scene.

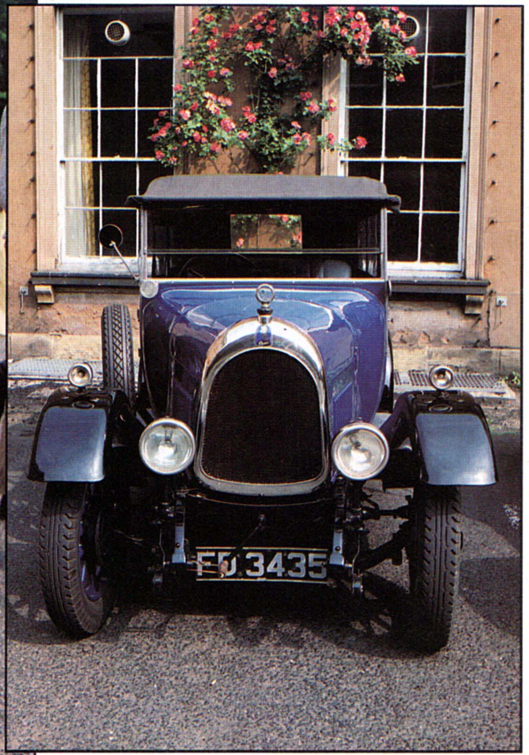
Alas, the car let them all down. As first designed, the Bean had a useful four-cylinder side-by-side-valve engine — as was then the norm for staid family cars. By using a long piston-stroke to combat the new Treasury rating for tax purposes, which centred around cylinder-bore size and the number of cylinders, the Bean Twelve contrived to have a swept-volume of 1794 cc. It looked an impressive proposition.

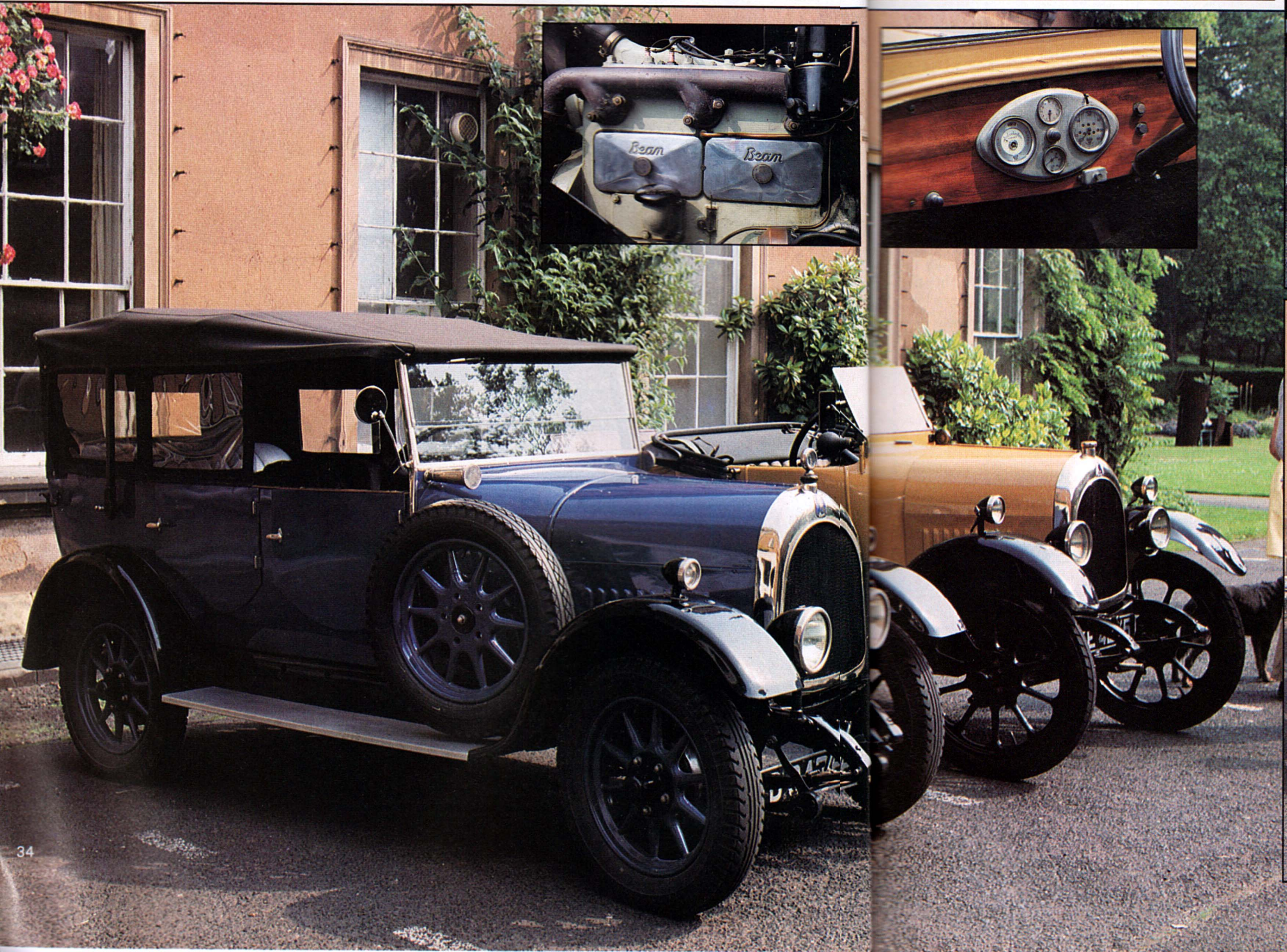
Unfortunately, this initial model ran roughly. Optimistic hopes for an annual output of 50,000 cars faded, but in car-starved Britain, Tipton did manage to dispose of some 80 Beans a week by 1922. By that time, incidentally, Ford was churning out a million Model-Ts a year. The Bean conglomerate had to do something to

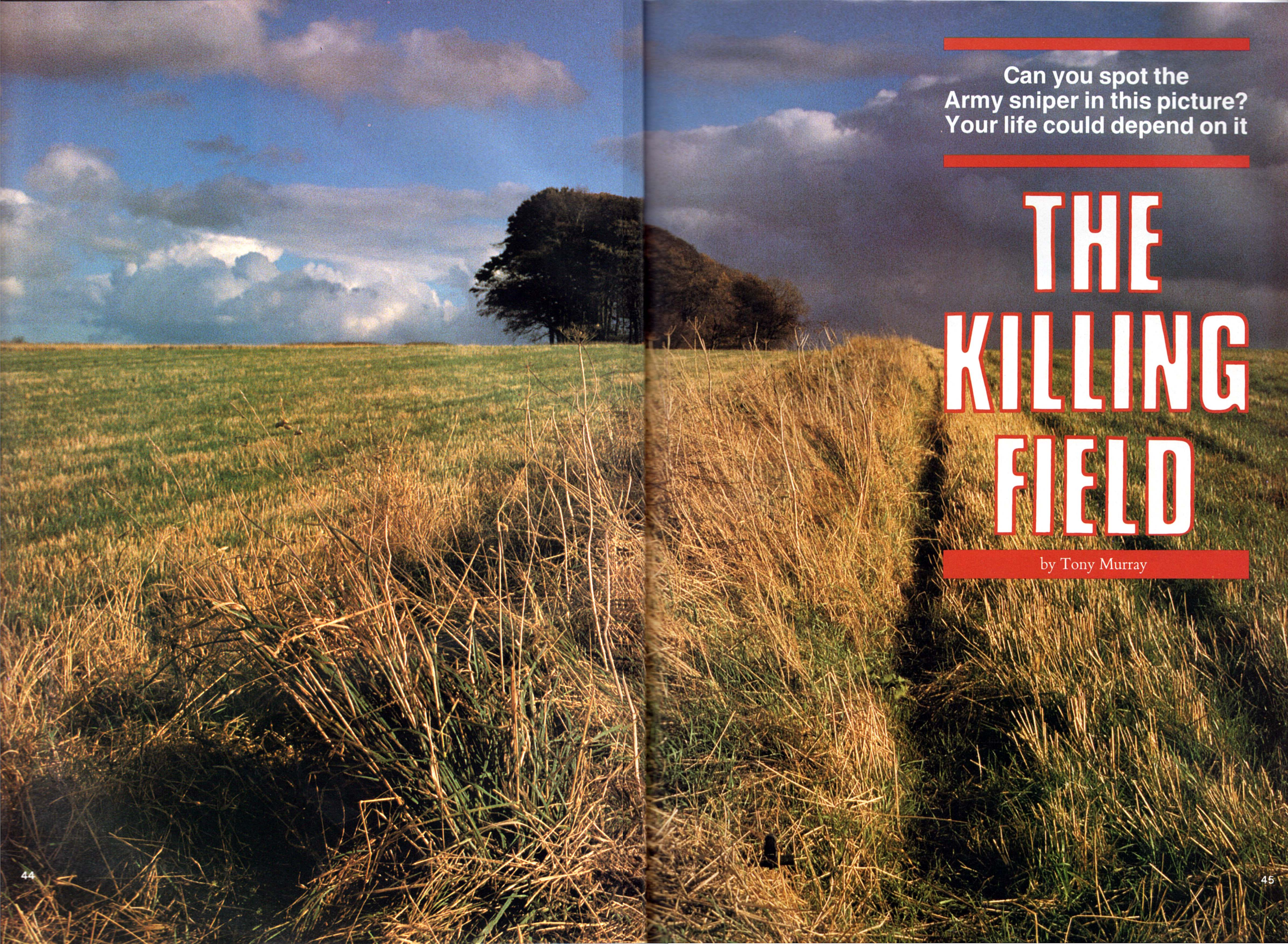
Big picture: a pair of classic Beans, perfect representatives of 1920's sporting motors. Clockwise from the top: two views of the 1921 two-seater tourer with its dickey seat. Below: front view of a 1926, 12 hp Bean four-seater tourer. Inset: The four-cylindered engine of the 1926 tourer and the rather sparse dashboard of the 1921 Bean tourer.







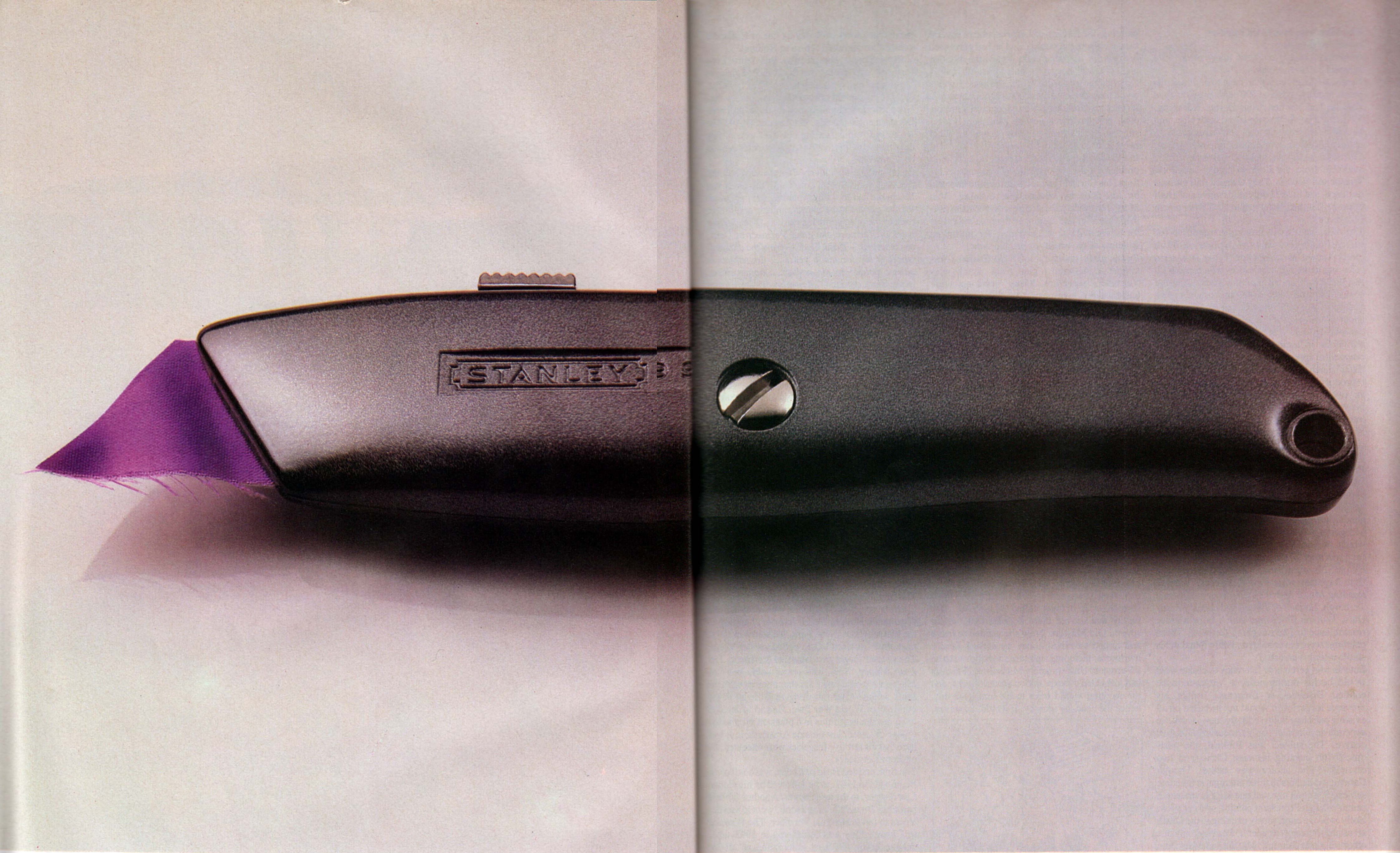




Can you spot the Army sniper in this picture? Your life could depend on it

THE KILLING FIELD

by Tony Murray



LOW TAR As defin H.M. Government

Warning: SMOKING WHEN PREGNANT CAN INJUR YOUR BABY AND CAUSE PREMATURE BIRTH

Health Departmen hief Medical Officers

century — eight Vermeers, two de Hooghs, one Franz Hals and a Terborgh.

Two of them had been purchased by Holland's premier public art galleries, their authenticity vouched for by leading Dutch art experts. The others had gone to private collectors. The total sum involved was in the region of seven million guilders — perhaps 20 million pounds in modern money. Van Meegeren was, quite simply, the most successful forger of fine art that the world has ever known.

But for one injudicious sale he could well have been the most successful forger the world has *never* known. Yet Van Meegeren revelled in his confessions of guilt, relishing the embarrassment it caused to the art establishment. It was this urge to revenge himself on the art world he believed had spurned his talents, just as much as the desire for wealth and success, that had inspired his forgeries. It was the same urge that ensured his eventual downfall.

He was born in Deventer in eastern Holland in 1889, home of Terborgh, one of the seventeenth century painters he later imitated, the middle of five children, and second son to a father, also called Henricus, who was a schoolmaster. His father was a strict and unimaginative disciplinarian. From an early age Han, a small, rather frail child, showed a talent for drawing, though his father systematically tore up his drawings and forbade his mother to encourage him in this 'unsuitable sphere'.

Young Han was more fortunate at school where he came under the influence of an art teacher, Bortus Korteling.

Korteling recognised the boy's abilities, and instilled in him a lifelong admiration and affection for the great Dutch masters. More importantly, as a traditionalist, Korteling despised the modern practice of using ready mixed, synthetic oil paints, preferring to manufacture his own from natural materials, as the old masters had done. The techniques van Meegeren saw employed were later to be of obvious benefit to him.

At the age of 18 he was sent to Delft to study architecture. While in the fourth year, Han met an extremely pretty, young art student called Anna de Voogt, the daughter of a Dutch government official serving in the East Indies, and his Sumatran wife. Romance blossomed, and before long Anna became pregnant. They were married in the spring of 1912. The baby was expected in November, and van Meegeren's finals were the following month. But van Meegeren showed far more interest in winning the five-yearly Gold Medal Award from the Delft Institute for the best painting submitted by a student.

The fact that his presentation was almost wholly seventeenth century in style and technique no doubt assisted his case before a judicial committee in Delft, home town of the great Vermeer. He sold it for a hundred pounds, an unheard of price for an unknown artist in 1913. In the meantime, his son was born and he did not even bother to sit his finals, to the fury of his father. He did manage a degree, however, on his own initiative, enrolling at short notice with the Hague Academy of Art, and passing out on August 4, 1914, the day that England declared war against Germany.

Surprisingly, in view of later events, he was described as 'unsatisfactory' in the field of portraiture. It seemed to make little difference, however, as he was accepted as an artist by now, and, when he was offered a chair at The Hague, an offer which he obviously found flattering, he turned it down. However, a little later, he accepted a job as assistant to Professor Gips at Delft which would leave him as much time as he needed for painting.

Around now, Anna was pregnant again. Money was short — his salary was only eight pounds per month, although he hoped to double this sale of his paintings — unsuccessfully as things turned out. Then came the first inkling of his future progression as a painter. One day Anna wandered into the room in their cramped quarters that he used as studio and found him engaged on making a copy of his Gold Medal Award picture. He finally admitted that he planned to pass off the copy as the original, and demand a hundred pounds from a foreign buyer, who would be leaving Delft shortly. To her credit, Anna would have none of this, and the copy was sold for just four pounds.

Later van Meegeren began to make progress with a commission from an art dealer to paint four pictures a month. Then in 1916, he had his first one man show largely organised by Anna, where he sold all his paintings.

In 1917 the family moved to The Hague and van Meegeren's career began to take off. A second one-man show, which was another sell-out, followed in 1918. Thanks to his considerable personal charm, he was able to enter wealthy social circles, where his drawings, watercolours and portraits were quickly appreciated.

It was at this time he produced his most successful original work — *Deer* — a portrait of an animal owned by Princess Juliana, later Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. Van Meegeren had managed to borrow the creature as a model for private art classes he taught. When one of his pupils suggested he ought to be able to draw the animal in ten minutes, he polished off a portrait in nine. It became an instant best-seller as a motif for Christmas cards and calendars.

His success was strictly commercial. The critical acclaim he craved remained elusive. But that didn't stop him from enjoying the success he had. The weekly art classes he held for wealthy amateurs was popular with young, often pretty girls. It wasn't long before van Meegeren yielded to temptation.

By the end of 1917 he was an accomplished womaniser, a development that eventually led to his divorce in 1923. Of his many conquests, one mistress predominated, an actress called Johanna Oerlemans. Though she was a beautiful and ambitious woman, part of her attraction may well have been her marriage to an influential art critic, Karel de Boer. Bedding the wife of a leading member of the art establishment clearly appealed to van Meegeren.

The couple first met, ironically enough, through the one-man exhibition Anna van Meegeren had organised. When Karel de Boer and his wife requested an interview after the show, van Meegeren became instantly besotted with the attractive dark-haired, forceful 'Jo.' He asked permission to paint her portrait, a project which, once begun, continued for an unconscionable time. Jo de Boer plainly had faith in her lover's talents, and was tolerant of his other affairs, not to mention his increasingly frequent drinking bouts with male friends. She was eventually divorced and became van Meegeren's second wife in 1929.

Van Meegeren was then 40, and no nearer the critical acclaim he was still convinced was his. Part of his problem was that he remained a traditionalist, firm in his admiration of the painters of Holland's Golden Age. Meanwhile his resentment of the Dutch art establishment continued to grow.

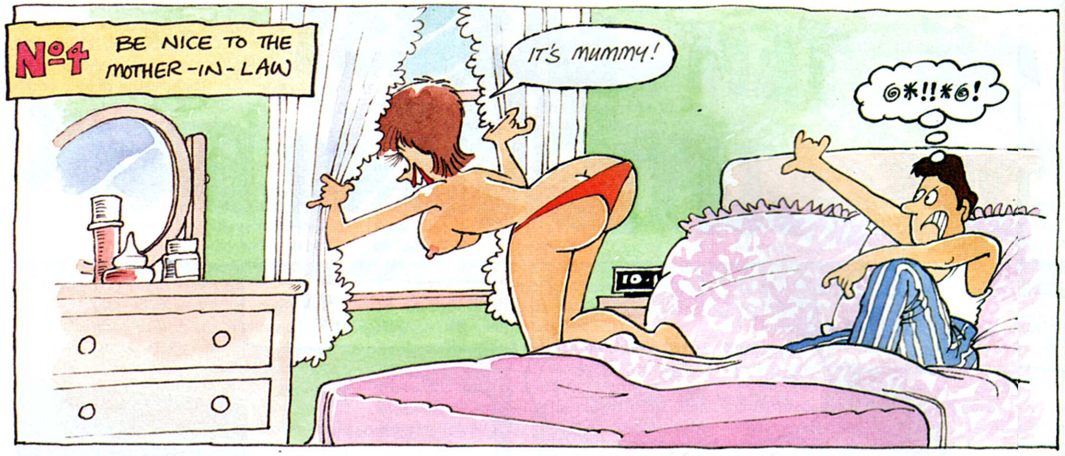
It was a mood of 'the hell with them' that he suddenly moved to the South of France. While on holiday in 1932 he and Jo chanced on a secluded and inexpensive villa, Primavera, in a village called Roquebrune between Menton and Monaco. Van Meegeren rented it on the spot. It was here that it began to dawn on him that, if he could not succeed as a modern master painter, he might find fame as one of his beloved Old Masters.

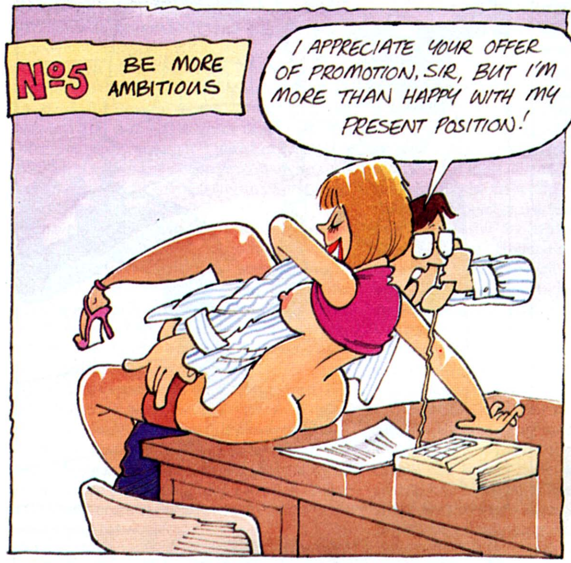
The decision to take up forgery had much more to do with van Meegeren's artistic concerns. Here at last was a task which truly inspired him and would engage all his artistic and technical skills.

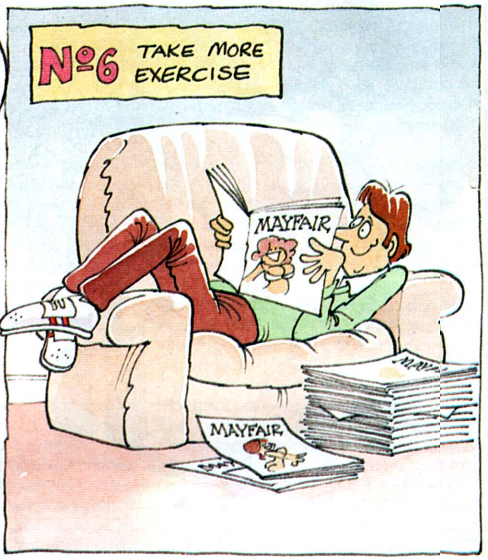
The problems, however, were formidable. To create a convincing seventeenth century masterpiece numerous crucial details had to be perfect; any newly discovered Vermeer or Terborgh would be subjected to intensive and probably microscopic examination by experts. First, and most important, was the acquisition of a genuine seventeenth century canvas, carrying a painting by an insignificant or unrecognised painter. The original could then be scraped off.

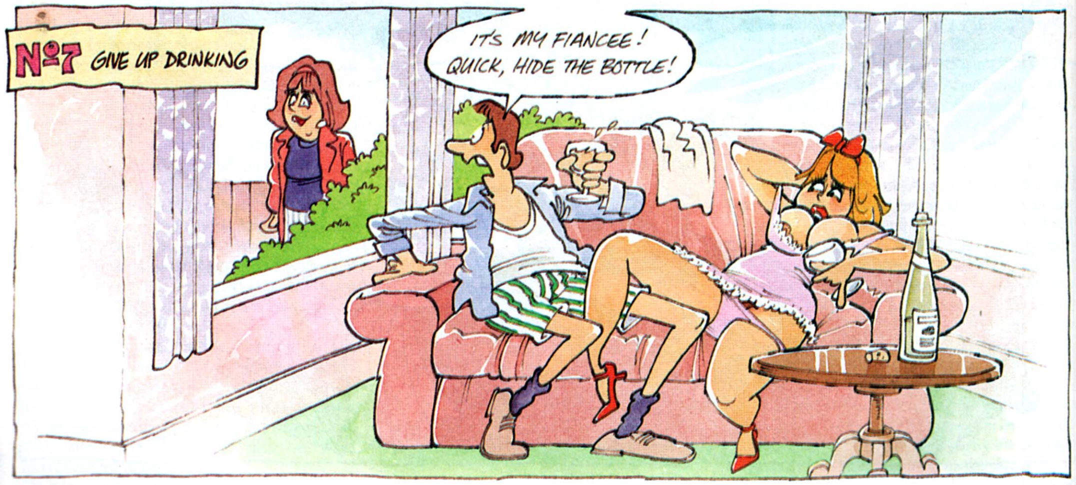
turn to page 62

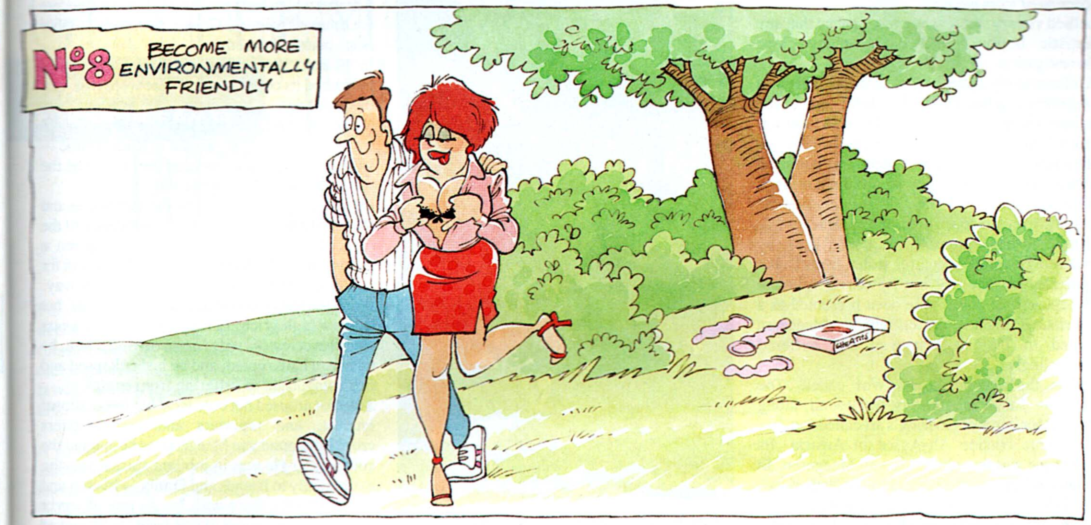
Van Meegeren painting his final 'Vermeer' Christ in the Temple *under police supervision*

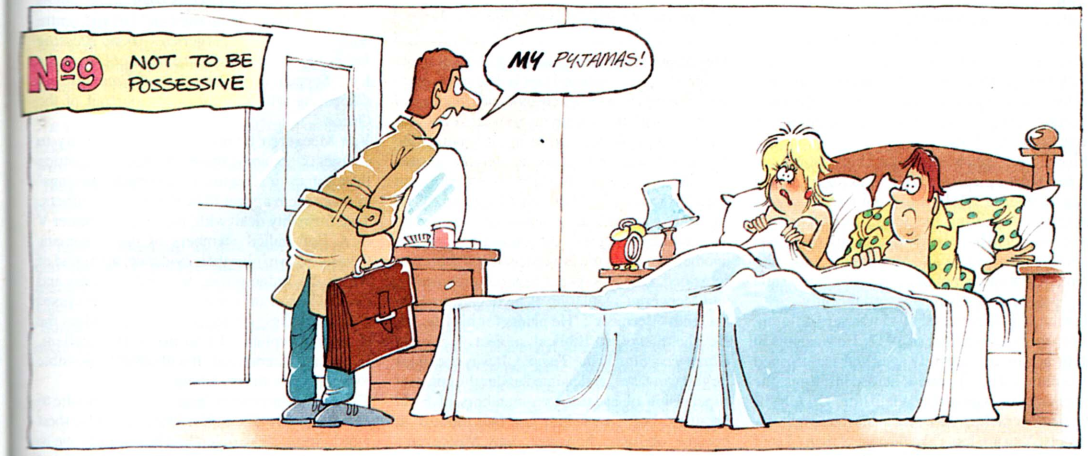

Nº4 BE NICE TO THE MOTHER-IN-LAW
IT'S MUMMY!
@*!!*@!

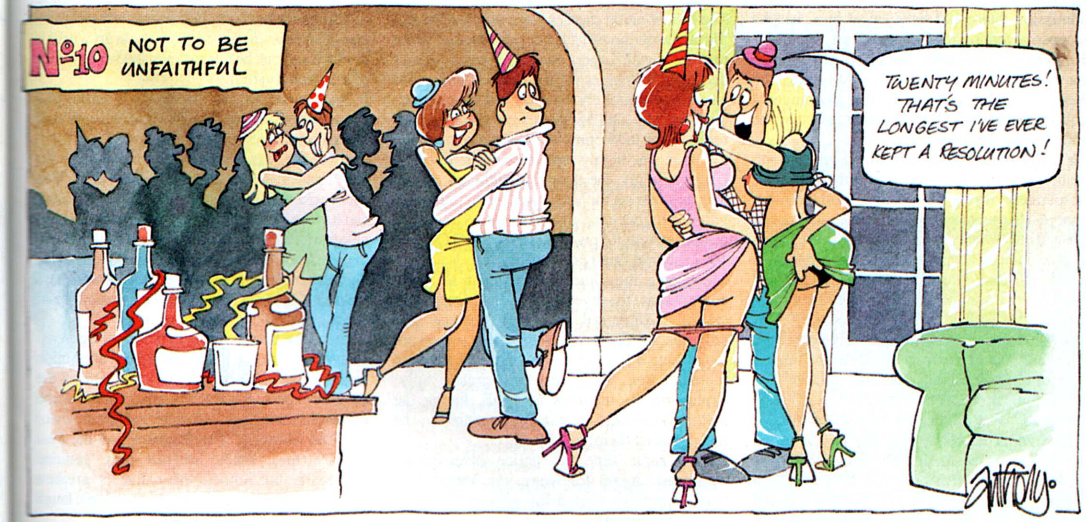

Nº5 BE MORE AMBITIOUS
I APPRECIATE YOUR OFFER OF PROMOTION, SIR, BUT I'M MORE THAN HAPPY WITH MY PRESENT POSITION!


Nº6 TAKE MORE EXERCISE
MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR


Nº7 GIVE UP DRINKING
IT'S MY FIANCEE! QUICK, HIDE THE BOTTLE!


Nº8 BECOME MORE ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY


Nº9 NOT TO BE POSSESSIVE
MY PYJAMAS!


Nº10 NOT TO BE UNFAITHFUL
TWENTY MINUTES! THAT'S THE LONGEST I'VE EVER KEPT A RESOLUTION!

The Man who made Old Masters

continued from page 62

Allied victory, there was every chance that any artistic booty would come under close investigation.

Unfortunately news of *The Woman Taken in Adultery* reached Dr Walter Hofer, one of the numerous agents employed by Herman Goering, a keen collector, and looter of art. In 1942 the Reichsmarschal bid for the painting. It was an offer van Meegeren's agents could not refuse.

Goering's offer of 1,650,000 guilders was the largest ever made for one of van Meegeren's fakes. Goering promptly paid it in kind, by returning over 200 pictures stolen from Dutch galleries by the Nazis. It was a criminal deception that could have been presented as a patriotic triumph. Unfortunately, van Meegeren failed to play it that way and suffered accordingly.

When the Second World War ended, *The Woman Taken in Adultery* was found, along with other items of Goering's art collection, in a salt mine outside Alt-Ausee in Austria. Its purchase was traced back to van Meegeren. In May 1945 he was approached by the Netherlands Field Security Service, an organisation charged with investigating incidences of wartime collaboration with the Nazis.

In immediate post-war Holland there was very much the air of a witch hunt; the population had suffered greatly under the German Occupation. When van Meegeren refused to answer the Field Security men's questions, he was promptly arrested as a collaborator.

Five words could have released him instantly — 'I painted the picture myself.' But for six weeks van Meegeren sat alone in a police cell, saying nothing. Admitting the forgery of Goering's painting could have made him a hero; there was nothing to link van Meegeren with the remarkable number of other 'new' Vermeers and de Hooghs which had appeared recently.

But the van Meegeren of 1945 was very different from the master forger of 1937. He was now in poor health, prematurely aged and a confirmed morphine addict. Isolated, denied his drugs, the pressure understandably got to him. On July 12 he finally cracked, shouting at his interrogators, 'Fools! You are fools like the rest of them! I sold no great treasure — I painted it myself.' It was the admission that could have saved him, had he stopped at that point. But he did not.

He went on to announce that he had also painted the Vermeer in the Boymans Museum, the Vermeer and de Hoogh in van Beuningen's collection and the Vermeer just purchased by the state for the Rijksmuseum.

Naturally enough these claims were greeted with disbelief; van Meegeren was either mad, or desperately trying to avoid a collaboration charge. He countered by telling police that he had painted the Goering picture over another canvas, a battle painting, which would show up under X-ray examination. This was subsequently found to be true, but it was knowledge that van Meegeren could have obtained by the same means.

The police then suggested rather naively that van Meegeren could prove his claim by painting a copy of the *Emmaus*, a task almost any competent professional painter could have managed. Van Meegeren responded with a challenge: if he could be given access to his studio, his materials and his drugs, he would create a 'new ' Vermeer before their eyes.

Van Meegeren at his trial surrounded by his forgeries, including Isaac Blessing Jacob

This extraordinary offer created a sensation, and public debate raged in Holland. Was van Meegeren traitor, charlatan, genius or patriot? Neighbours remembered that he had never gone short during the war, surely evidence that he had been 'in' with the occupying power. A book of his drawings, which had been on general sale during the war, was found at Berchtesgarden with the inscription 'To the beloved Fuhrer in greatful respect — Han van Meegeren.' The signature was genuine — he had autographed up to a hundred copies; the dedication was in another hand, but the inference of collaboration remained. One newspaper headline summed up van Meegeren's situation as he began work on his tenth 'Vermeer': 'He paints for his life.'

He chose another Biblical subject — *Young Christ Teaching in the Temple*. It was one of his largest canvases, and painted under the constant supervision of at least two members of Field Security, but it took him just two months. It became obvious, however, van Meegeren's sensational claims were entirely genuine.

The collaboration charges were quietly dropped. The authorities now had to decide whether or not to proceed with forgery charges. It was a difficult decision. Witnesses for the prosecution would have to state publicly that they had been duped, and that their 'Old Masters' were valueless as a result. Since the victims included the Dutch state, the issue was highly embarrassing politically. Unsurprisingly, the authorities dithered. A trial date was first set for May 1946, ten months after van Meegeren's confession. Numerous postponements followed; it was not until October 1947 the trial finally opened.

Meanwhile the Dutch government set up a commission to investigate van Meegeren's claims. Composed of art historians and scientists, the Coremans Commission was sworn in on June 13, 1946 and deliberated for nine months. Van Meegeren co-operated fully, explaining his methods in detail, listing the materials used and showing technicians how he had prepared them.

At the same time the police investigation continued. Again following van Meegeren's lead, detectives visited his villa in Nice and discovered amongst other evidence the end of one of the stretchers of the original *Raising of Lazarus* which had been cut off to accommodate the *Emmaus* painting. Colour, texture and timber rings matched exactly.

In March 1947 the Coremans Commission published its conclusions. There were two: that the paintings — the eight 'Old Masters' van Meegeren had named, and the four unsold canvases he had first painted at Roquebrune — were contemporary; and that they could be the work of van Meegeren himself.

Despite strenuous efforts by the authorities and the art world to play down the importance of the case, the revelations made van Meegeren a national hero. He had taken the establishment for a ride, and earned himself a fortune on the way. It was the realisation of his fondest ambition, but it was a high price. In the two and a half years since his arrest his wife Jo had divorced him, he had been bankrupted, and he had collapsed and been diagnosed as suffering from angina.

The trial aroused not only local but international interest, and reporters and photographers crowded around van Meegeran as he entered the courtroom. He was in jubilant spirits, waving exuberantly to friends and family — his son and daughter were there with Jo. As one observer commented, he posed like an actor 'as he moved into a courtroom, hung right and left and centre with van Meegeren forgeries — *Issac Blessing Jacob, the Young Christ*, the *Head of Christ*, the *Last Supper* and *Disciples at Emmaus*, all competing with the obligatory portrait of the Queen.'

Van Meegeren immediately pleaded guilty to charges of obtaining money by fraud and putting false names or signatures 'on certain paintings' to make them appear to be the works of others. That formality dealt with, the Judge, Meester V G A Boll called members of the Coremans Commission to give their evidence, at the end of which the Judge turned to van Meegeren and asked if he had any comment. The answer caused a protracted giggle in the courtroom when the defendant replied: 'I find the work excellent. Indeed it is phenomnal. It will never be possible to get away with forgery again.'

The proceedings were generally sympathetic to van Meegeren. The Public Prosecutor's harshest words were: 'The defendant hoped to prove to the world that he is a great artist. But by these falsifications he has in fact shown himself to be less of an artist than ever. The whole art world is in shock and one begins to doubt the very essence of artistic valuation.'

It was music to van Meegeren's ears. The Prosecutor concluded by demanding only half the maximum sentence of four years.

The verdict was announced on November 12, 1947: guilty, with a sentence of one year. Van Meegeren was given leave to lodge an appeal, and it was revealed later, he would probably have obtained a pardon from the Queen. But all legal manoeuvres swiftly became academic. On November 26 van Meegeren was admitted to hospital. On December 30, after a massive heart attack, he died.

Perhaps the best comment on van Meegeren's success as a forger is that one school of opinion in the art world, orginally championed by the Belgian expert Jean Decoen, maintained — and maintains to this day — that he lied about two of his 'Old Masters.' The *Emmaus* and the *Last Supper*, they insist, are not only genuine Vermeers, but among the painter's greatest masterpieces. Even today the last sardonic laugh remains van Meegeren's. ◆

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

For the new year the Post Office has decided to bring out a stamp commemorating 3,000 years of the world's oldest profession.

It will cost 22p to buy, and another 10p to lick.

A young man went into a tailor's shop and asked embarrassedly if the tailor could make him several pairs of underpants.

'You see,' the young man explained. 'I have a rather personal problem. I was born with five penises.'

The soul of discretion, the tailor nodded understandingly, took the measurements and promised to deliver at least half a dozen pairs in a week.

The young man duly returned and tried on the first pair.

'Are they suitable, sir?' the tailor enquired.

'They fit like a glove!' the young man beamed.

A man walked up to the spare parts counter in a garage and said to the assistant: 'I'd like a new petrol cap for my Lada.'

'Sounds like a good deal to me,' said the assistant.

Said our printer, who is a great wit,
'There are some b. . . . . words we omit,
It would sully out art
To print the word f. . . ,
And we never, oh never, say sh. . !'

One morning a Mother Superior woke up feeling exceptionally bright and merry. Dressing quickly, she went on her rounds of the convent smiling and nodding to everyone she met.

'Good morning, Sister Bridget,' she said to the nun in charge of the bakery. 'You look well this morning.'

'Oh, I am, Reverend Mother, I am,' said the nun. 'But you look as if you got out bed the wrong side this morning.'

The Mother Superior was too polite and charitable to say anything, but she did feel that was a rather unpleasant and unexpected rejoinder.

She soon cheered up, though, when she came across another nun in the garden.

'Morning, Sister Theresa,' she smiled. 'You look in good spirits today.'

'Thank you, Reverend Mother,' replied the nun. 'But I'm sorry you got out of bed on the wrong side.'

Now quite depressed, the Mother Superior walked on through the gardens. At last she came across a novice, pruning the roses.

'Good morning, Sister,' she said. 'Tell me honestly now — do I look as though I got out of bed the wrong side this morning?'

The young nun looked carefully at her superior.

'I'm afraid I must tell the truth, Reverend Mother, and say yes,' she replied.

'But why?' asked the perplexed Mother Superior.

'You're wearing Father O'Brady's velveteen slippers.'

Yet another business lunch got out of hand and it was late in the evening by the time the wine-loving executive lurched home.

As he fumbled for his front door key, he struggled to dream up an excuse his wife hadn't heard before, but his befuddled brains weren't up to it. All he could hope for was that his wife was fast asleep.

But he was out of luck. As he turned the door knob the door was wrenched open. Jerked forward, the executive collapsed at his wife's feet.

'OK,' she snapped, 'let's hear it!'

'At this juncture,' he hiccupped, 'I would like to dispense with my previously prepared statement and simply address questions from the floor.'

During live firing practice in the Gulf a bullet went astray, flying through a squaddie's legs and neatly nicking a piece of flesh out of the bottom of his scrotum.

'Good God,' said the MO, inspecting him. 'You were lucky there.'

'You're right,' said the soldier. 'If I hadn't been thinking of the wife's sister I'd have lost the bloody lot.'

Soon after the young decorator started work on the couple's house it became obvious that he was useless. The new wallpaper was falling off, the fresh paintwork was peeling, and there were paint smudges all over the furniture.

Sick and tired of complaining, the husband told his wife to fire the man, and demand their money back. But night after night he came home to find his wife still hadn't summoned up the courage to do it.

Finally, exasperated, the husband took a long lunch break and rushed home to have it out with the decorator himself.

He found his wife bonking furiously with the man on the living room carpet.

'Well, darling.' the wife said sheepishly, 'you did say that the decorator needed fucking.'

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

The Man who made Old Masters

continued from page 50

or simply painted over, as many of the Old Masters did themselves.

Next van Meegeren would have to duplicate the paints used by artists of 300 years previously, a skill he had learned from Bortus Korteling. Vermeer's favourite colour had been blue, and he had achieved it by crushing lapis lazuli, a complex silicate containing sulphur. In the Thirties it was a rare and expensive item, only available from the London colour suppliers, Winsor and Newton. They charged four guineas an ounce, and in 1931 only sold twelve and a half ounces. The likelihood is that all it went to van Meegeren.

The last, and most important requisite for successful forgery was the duplication of an effect known as *craquelure*. This is a term referring to the minute fissures which occur on the surface of an oil painting after a lengthy period of time, and extending down to the undercoat. Oil paint hardens superficially within about a week, but the evaporation of all moisture can take up to 50 years. Through the inevitable variations in temperature and humidity, the *craquelure* appears.

After much trial and error, van Meegeren reproduced the effect by baking his paintings in an oven for several hours at temperatures between 100 and 120 degrees centigrade. So intensive were the forger's initial experiments that, when a local girl disappeared in mysterious circumstances, neighbours informed the local police about smoke rising from the Villa Primavera in the exceedingly warm weather. Clearly the odd Dutchman who lived there — known locally as the 'maitre' — was disposing of the body of the unfortunate girl. When the gendarmes appeared with a search warrant, van Meegeren was happy to show them the oven, which, he said, quite truthfully, was being used for experimental purposes.

By 1935 his experiments were bearing fruit. His first forgeries were two Vermeers, *Woman Reading Music* and *Woman Playing Music*, a Terborgh, *Portrait of a Man*, and his only Franz Hals, *Woman Drinking*, which bore a close resemblance to *The Laughing Cavalier*. These paintings were never sold, and only found in his studio after his arrest.

But van Meegeren now felt ready to create what would be his masterpiece, a Vermeer to be entitled *Disciples at Emmaus*. Unlike his previous forgeries, it would not be based on an existing painting, but an entirely 'new' work, an apparent development on Vermeer's established *oeuvre*. The subject was Biblical, the post-crucifixion meeting between Christ and two disciples. The choice was astute. Though Caravaggio had made three attempts at the same subject, it was an unusual one for a seventeenth century Dutch Protestant painter, and, as such, likely to prove enormously exciting to the Dutch art establishment. Vermeer had painted only one other religious painting, *Martha and Mary*, and many experts had conjectured that this might represent the only survivor of a number of lost works on similar themes.

There was another important reason for van Meegeren's choice of Vermeer. The two painters had much in common. They were both born in the same area of Holland; when Vermeer died at 43, he was close to van Meegeren's current age, and, most significant of all, he went unrecognised in his lifetime.

He began with a genuine seventeenth century painting, the *Raising of Lazarus*, one of several canvases from the same period he had purchased previously. Its preparation took some months, and here van Meegeren took a curious risk by reducing the original size of the canvas. Experts could have detected fresh cuts in the canvas and its backing stretchers. Van Meegeren's motive could only have been aesthetic, and there is some suggestion in this he may have intended eventually to admit to the forgery.

In the meantime he needed models, a difficult problem by the very nature of the enterprise. He found his Christ in an Italian tramp who knocked on his door by chance one evening. Van Meegeren quickly decided he was worth the risk, made his offer and employed the man's services for several days in exchange for unlimited amounts of rye bread, garlic and wine.

By the early spring of 1937 the *Emmaus* was almost completed. The final touch was Vermeer's signature. Many Vermeers were unsigned, but, because of the radical nature of the painting, van Meegeren decided he could not risk leaving the canvas unsigned. He chose the most common of Vermeer's four signatures — the word *Meer* with a capital 'I' above the 'M'. It was, he said, later the most difficult part of the whole enterprise. It also marked the moment the work became, irrevocably, a forgery.

Van Meegeren rounded off his masterpiece by deliberately damaging and then repairing the canvas. The first part of his task was over. The second, the most difficult part — launching *Emmaus* on the art world — could now begin. Essential to its success was the acceptance of the new 'Old Master' by an expert. Van Meegeren chose one of Holland's leading Vermeer specialists, Dr Abraham Bredius, a highly respected art historian of some 50 years standing, and a particular enemy of van Meegeren. Discrediting Bredius would be a double revenge.

Van Meegeren obviously could not approach the expert directly. Instead he went to an acquaintance, a member of the Dutch parliament called Dr G A Boon. Van Meegeren, lying freely, explained he was acting for his mistress, a Dutch woman living in Italy, called 'Mavroeke'. Her family had moved there decades ago, taking several Old Masters. Now she wanted to leave and hoped to raise money by selling family heirlooms, including a picture she believed to be a Vermeer. Unfortunately Mussolini's Fascists had forbidden the exportation of such works, and the painting would have to be smuggled out, hence the need for secrecy. It would, however, mean that a work probably by one of Holland's greatest artists could return to Holland.

Van Meegeren complicated this story even further by suggesting that Boon should claim to have acquired the painting from a French source. He was thus doubly protected from discovery. His patriotic and anti-fascist instincts touched, Boon accepted the tale. On August 30, 1937 he wrote to Bredius, setting out the facts. A few days later Bredius met Boon and first set eyes on the *Emmaus*.

For two days the elderly expert examined the painting, dutifully picking up all the clues van Meegeren had so skilfully planted. He then asked for the canvas to be photographed, and on the back of the print wrote his verdict: *'The glorious work of Vermeer, the great Vermeer of Delft, has emerged — thank God! — from the darkness where it lay for many years . . . Its subject is almost unique in his oeuvre . . . composition, expression, colour — all combine to form a unit of the highest art, the highest beauty.'*

The bait had been taken. Han van Meegeren, master forger, was in business.

Thus authenticated, the *Emmaus* entered the art market, under Boon's auspices. After an article by Bredius in the *Burlington Magazine* in October, 1937, formally announcing the new discovery, the painting was purchased for 520,000 guilders by the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam, one of Holland's premier art collections.

A hugely elated van Meegeren now moved on to other Old Masters, beginning with a de Hoogh, *Interior with Drinkers*, based closely on the Dutch artist's *Cardplayers*, which now hangs in Buckingham Palace. Finished in 1938, he sold it the following year to a wealthy private collector in Holland, called van Beuningen.

Now comfortably off, van Meegeren and Jo moved to Nice, where they bought an immense villa with 12 bedrooms, five reception rooms, and a separate wing including a gallery, music room and a splendid new studio. Here van Meegeren completed two more fakes in 1939. The first, his only other de Hoogh, *Interior with Cardplayers*, was once again, a near replica of a genuine de Hoogh, *Dutch Interior*, hanging in the Metropolitan, New York. He sold it in 1941, to another Dutch collector, called van der Vorm. The second forgery was another Vermeer, *The Last Supper*. This was never sold, but van Meegeren would make another attempt with the same subject after returning to Holland at the outbreak of World War Two. He and Jo decided to sit out the hostilities in a pleasant villa in the village of Laren, just outside Amsterdam. It was here that his last five forgeries were executed, all of them Vermeers.

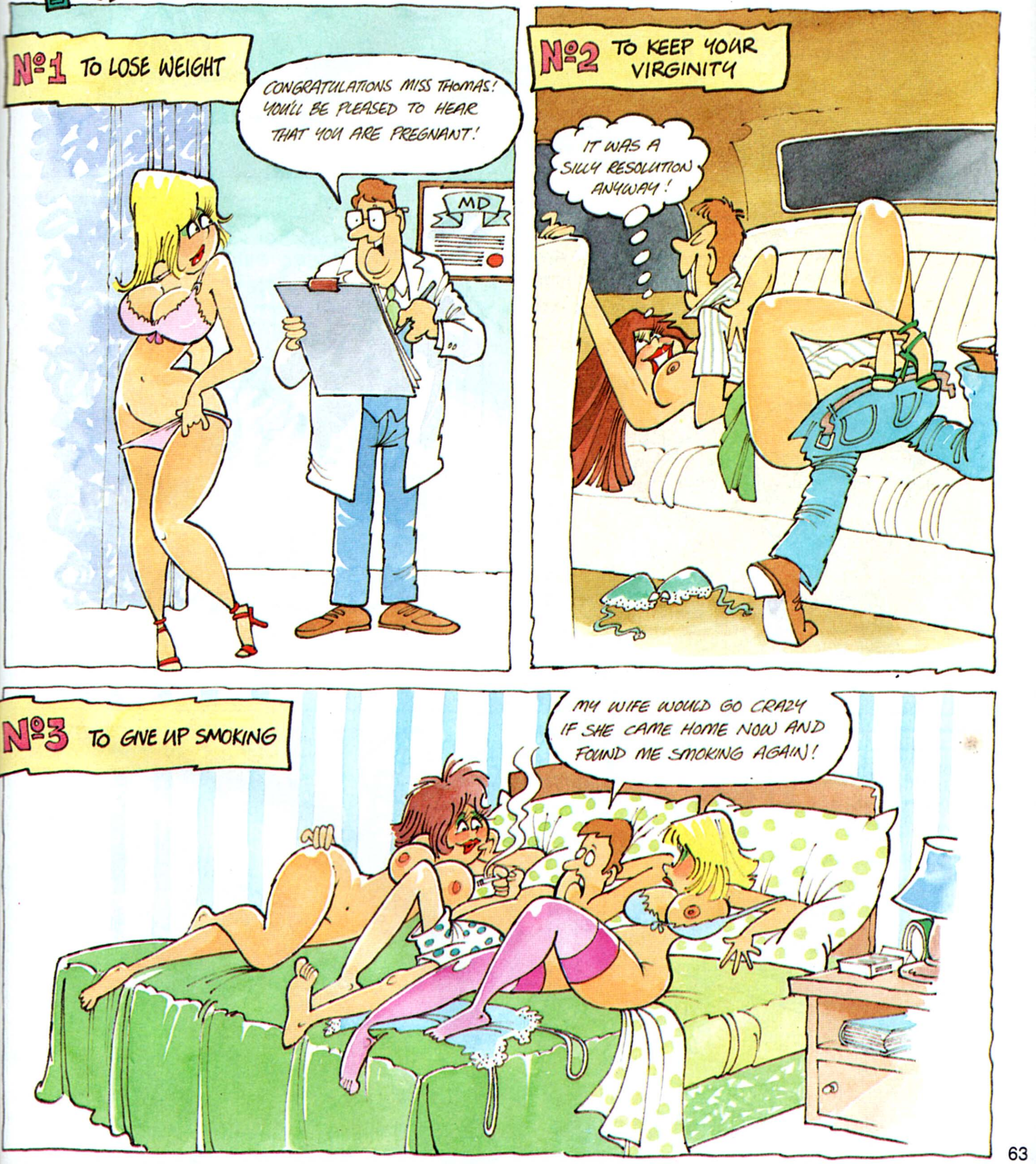
The first, entitled *Head of Christ*, was sold to van Beuningen in 1941, to be followed by his second *Last Supper*, to the same buyer. Another Biblical painting, *Isacac Blessing Jacob*, went to van der Vorm in 1942. His final Vermeer, *The Washing of Christ's Feet* was completed in 1943, and, despite being the least convincing of all his Vermeers — van Meegeren's talents were then in serious decline — was acquired by the Dutch state for the Rijksmuseum. It was, however, never exhibited, for reasons that had everything to do with van Meegeren's penultimate 'Old Master', *The Woman Taken in Adultery*.

Van Meegeren had given specific instructions to his agents that none of his 'discoveries' should get into Nazi hands. This was partly for patriotic reasons, but also because, in the event of an

turn to page 66

'I'm worried. The boss wants to merge with the bottomless bar across the street.'

THE TEN EASIEST RESOLUTIONS TO BREAK


Nº1 TO LOSE WEIGHT
CONGRATULATIONS MISS THOMAS! YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT YOU ARE PREGNANT!
MD
Nº2 TO KEEP YOUR VIRGINITY
IT WAS A SILLY RESOLUTION ANYWAY!
Nº3 TO GIVE UP SMOKING
MY WIFE WOULD GO CRAZY IF SHE CAME HOME NOW AND FOUND ME SMOKING AGAIN!

Telford's Trip

continued from page 22

looking man after all; Perhaps it was surprising that he hadn't found such a woman before. *Christ!* She had insinuated her foot (bare of shoe) under his body, and was now tickling his balls with her highly-effective toes. If this went on much longer there'd soon be another hot shower in the compartment, only this time it wouldn't be the baby.

He was flushed now, not certain he could handle what was happening to him; after all, it wasn't everyday a total stranger started tickling your goolies in a railway carriage — especially one who hadn't spoken a single word to him. She was so brazen, so open about it, so unconcerned that anyone might be watching. She just didn't seem to care.

Telford checked around. No-one was awake — it was safe. Could they? Dare they? Here in an open carriage! It was an insane idea, but one that appealed to his vanity. What a story to tell when he got back home! They'd never believe it.

The girl was obviously willing — rubbing the flat of her foot up and down the taut ridge in his fly, smiling all the time and making low, faintly sexual noises. Her legs had parted completely now, and a great expanse of bared, taut knicker was beckoning to him.

They couldn't! It was crazy! Someone might come at any moment. Just a minute, Inspector, I'm sure I've got my ticket here somewhere . . .

She nodded encouragingly; he shook his head. She made a face; he shook his head again. She looked around for his fears, saw Sony Walkman was waking up to attack another pustule, and mouthed an unmistakable obscenity.

Telford shrugged helplessly. Then he glanced up and saw the illuminated toilet sign VACANT . . .

He pointed. She twisted round, (torturing him with a sudden whiff of warm pussy) and saw what he meant. The toilet was their only chance of consummating this incredible experience.

In a moment she was up and gone — Telford following as if magnetized. *This can't be true,* he kept telling himself.

She held the door open for him. It was a tight fit inside the narrow shaking room, and she was taller than Telford, towering over him. He just had time to lock the door behind him before she was on him, a great hot open maw swallowing his tongue and almost sucking it out of his mouth. He gasped for breath. The train racketted over noisy points as they neared a station.

My God! he thought as she bent him back over the seat. His whole life was flashing in front of his eyes. Then she was at his trousers. There was no finesse with this girl, just a tug on his zip, a breath of fresh air as he was exposed — then the strong fingers were round him, squeezing and pulling.

Telford clung desperately to the washbasin for security. The way she was tugging it you'd think she milked cows for a living. He squirmed to protest, but she pushed him back and ignored his attempts at restraint.

Hold on! he gasped to himself. What was he getting out of this? Not a lot so far — he wanted his hand up that beckoning valley before anything else happened. Hours of sitting dreaming had almost driven him out of his mind. But then his pulse started to race as she pulled him, and he began to forget her. He wanted her name, but she whispered something mucky instead. She blew in his ear, she bit his lobe, she plucked out his gonads and ran her thumbs heavily over them . . . Then, just as he was beginning to feel the final cycle, she pushed him away.

He opened his eyes, fearful and questioning, but she smiled reassuringly, and guided his hands to her skirt. The buttons he had lusted at so long popped open one by one, her knickers were there, and bare and ready to be grabbed. But she turned her back on him as he reached for her. His sweating and scrabbling hands felt the material, held her as she wriggled out of them, and slid them down over her buttocks. As he bent close, he instinctively kissed one lush round cheek.

Now he wanted to feel that warm pussy, but she kept him away, bending over the toilet stand, and taking up the back-scuttle position for him. This was his favourite anyway, and the sight of her bottom in the air, with its dark hairy crack just waiting to be pierced was too much to resist.

There was so little room. She was crouched over, pulling him into her buttocks. The train lurched, and he lunged forward stabbing blindly into her crevice. He missed, but her expert hands reached back and guided him home. Muttering now, he grabbed her by the hips (such wide, strong hips) and rammed into her. For such a big meaty girl it was a surprisingly tight fit. He pumped and gasped as he shoved, loving the feel of taut buttocks against his thighs, and his eyes shut in delight.

He thudded into her, aware, as he did so, that this was like no fuck he had ever had before. She was so strong, so confident, so willing, so silent . . .

He reached round her thighs, hands searching for her pussy to give her clit a tweak or two. Before he could get his own oats, he knew he had to feel her fanny.

He eased his right hand out from beneath her, sliding it over her hip and down the concave of her stomach. He knew he couldn't hold out much longer. His rod was beginning to scream for release, it felt mis-shapen, and heavy-headed as his scrabbling fingers sought out that gorgeous wet patch.

And then he found it. The hair crunchy and yet slippery as his fingers slid over and through it. As she groaned in ecstasy, he sank deep in her, and erupted for she was sweatier and juicier than any woman he had ever known.

And when he had slipped from her, exhausted, bumping against the toilet wall, the girl merely straightened, lifted her knickers, pecked him on the cheek, and was gone before he found the breath to ask her name. No boring post-coital guilt with this one! Christ, he never even spoke to her! When he returned to his seat she had vanished.

As the train rumbled into Bristol, Telford felt both elated and curiously empty. Had he reached the age when all those rampant fantasies he'd always had were finally coming true?

Or could it be his sexual swan song? Not to worry.

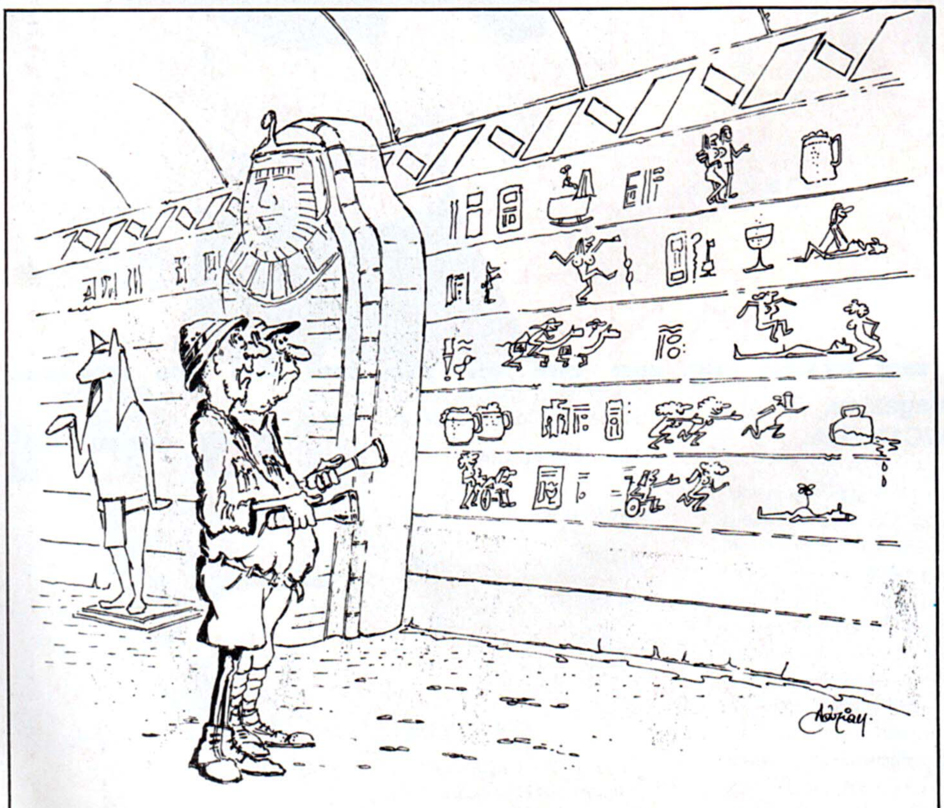
Dwelling on things, he'd decided long ago, helped no one. It was simply the biggest ego boost he had had in years. Be thankful, and leave it at that. It would never happen again.

Telford's meeting was with a buyer he had never met before. All he knew was that she was some relative of his boss, and that she was reputed to be rather bossy. Controlling his apprehension, he waited in the hotel foyer for her arrival.

When she finally turned up, he blinked. She was tall and chestnut-haired, full-bosomed and broad-hipped, late twenties at the most. She was another big, meaty girl of the type he thought he only met in fantasies — or train carriages.

Her face was broad-mouthed and sensual, her grey eyes moist and large. They flickered from appraisal to unease to interest as they met Telford's frank stare.

'Hello,' he said warmly taking her hand, and feeling the confidence flooding back through him. 'I feel we're going to get along very well. Very well indeed.' 🍎



'I can't quite decipher it all, but it appears to shed some light on the early demise of Rameses III.'

M36

M37 M38

M39

M40

M41

M42

LINGERIE FOR LOVERS

-here's what you'd like your partner to wear

The saucy undies that *Mayfair* models wear have always been a big turn on for readers. We know because you write and ask us where to get the same items for your girlfriends. We have now carried out a survey to find the garments you find sexiest. It's enabled us to hand pick a superb new range of erotic playwear. From the briefest of pants to a saucy maid's uniform, these items will spur your love life to new heights. Our researches show girls find them just as inspiring!

GREAT NEW OFFER

M43

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine,
6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . ra-ra bustier in black (M36) with detachable straps. Nylon mix. Price £35.95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . teddy with thong back in black (M37). 100% polymide. Price £18.95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . stretch lace body suit in black (M38). 100% nylon. Price £20.95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . peephole bra and pants set in white (M39). 100% nylon. Price £9 95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . thong pants with peep hole bra in black (M40) 100% polymide. Price £13.95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . four brief set (M41): one black and one white in cotton; two black in nylor mix. Price £14.95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . stretch lace cat suit in white (M42). 100% polymide. Price £24.95 (one size only)

Qty . . . . . maid's uniform (M43): see-through frilly blouse with elasticated neckline and three-tiered frilly slip. 100% nylon. Price £36.50 (one size only)

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £. . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. or debit my Access/Visa/American Express account.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Access VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M26/1

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME RING CREDIT CARD SALES on 071 242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. Please add £2.50 postage and packing to all inland orders, and £5 for overseas airmail delivery.

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Are your favourite copies of *Mayfair* becoming dog-eared with re-reading? Do you have trouble finding that special feature, fiction, funny or female? Give your collection the permanence and appeal of a select gentleman's library with a *Mayfair* binder. Manufactured in stiff, hardback card in stylish dark green, each binder can hold 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas edition, and is marked with the distinctive *Mayfair* logo in gold lettering. For just £7 (including postage and packaging) you can compile a private library of Britain's best-selling men's magazine.

To: Pat Asquith,
Mayfair Magazine,
6 Great James Street,
London WC1N 3DA.

Please send me ..... binder(s) at £7 each.
I enclose cheque or postal order for £.....
made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd or debit my Access/Visa/American Express account:

Card No. ....
Name ....
....
Address ....
....
....
Signature ....
Date M26/1

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875169

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

When they are bound to love, serve, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth . . .'

'Is he feeling her tits yet?' said a sleepy voice beside me.' Curme had woken up.

It was a remarkable place. The masters were totally eccentric. All but one left the initiative to the individual student. *You* went to *them* brandishing a London Chamber of Commerce or a College of Preceptors examination paper and asked questions, and were then fully informed. It was no good awaiting instruction.

'Sarah' really deserves a whole article to himself. A white haired Dubliner, a bachelor of life, as well as of The Arts, he wore the same Bentalls double breasted navy blue serge suit during the whole two years I was there, with the trousers at half mast; ie hitched high above the socks.

The story, passed on down the years, was that he had been crossed in love by a fair colleen and had never got over it. Consequently, he disliked women, considering it his bounded duty to acquaint the male members of the class with the pitfalls of what he called 'getting involved in the boy/girl nonsense.'

Sarah would blow out his cheeks, chalk in hand, and positively slander other members of staff. 'I am not the one to be playing patty fingers with girls in the classroom; my life does not revolve around rugby, football and the greyhound stadia of the capital . . . follow?'

He puffed and he 'followed', so the whole class played 'Puffs and Follows'.

It was simple. You would choose two cricket sides; Surrey versus Middlesex, England against Australia, and put one in to bat. When Sarah said 'follow' it was a single, a gentle puff, two runs, a full rounded cheeks, a four, a single large puff followed by a bellow went over the ropes for six, and, when he sat on the radiator, it was a wicket. Sarah was given charge of cricket in the summer term, which was played on Giggs Hill Green. His qualifications for becoming cricket master were a blue for water polo and the fact that he had never held a bat in his life. It was on the cricket field, umpiring, that his national fervour took hold.

I would be fielding at square leg with Mr O'Hara in his white coat just behind me, in the middle of an over, when he would rasp: 'O'Hanlon, is it your opinion that Parnell was cuckolded by Captain Michael O'Shea?'

As I turned to reply a catch would plop on the grass just in front of me to anguished yelps from the fielders.

On one occasion, when Nipper Smith was hurtling them down from the Portsmouth Road end, he hit the batsman's pads plumb in front and wheeled round with a mighty, *'Zaat?'* Sarah looked at him, blew out his cheeks and boxed his ears, storming: 'Do not be roaring at me, boy!'

Sarah left the same term as myself, Christmas 1948. When school reassembled that last September, Johnny announced that swimming had been arranged at Kingston Baths at eight o'clock Tuesday mornings, before the general public were admitted.

Fry, the school thug, nudged me: 'Sarah's going to give us water polo instruction . . . for the girls as well!'

Sarah had us chugging up and down the swimming lanes with boards between our legs to get our arms working properly. Next, the boards were held between the hands to make the legs flipper into the crawl. Finally, the moment the lads had been waiting for came. Sarah tossed the ball into the water and picked two mixe ides. Fry was crooning with delight, looking a ucille Lowe's tight-fitting, high-sided, sleek lack swimsuit, which showed off her mature f re to perfection. 'Bugger the ball.' he hisse 'Just watch me get my hands on 'em!'

Things began quietly enough, with n ough play. Then Fry duckdived under Lucill owe. Immediately, four other girls converged. ucille appeared from the underwater melee ran-dishing his costume aloft. Sarah blew his istle; the pool attendant sent for the manag The manager said he could not tolerate 'goi s on' like that, and we must all leave immedi ly.

We who were leaving queued up tside Johnny's door to say goodbye.

Johnny adjusted his pince nez as I went, and dabbed his wart furiously. 'Ah . . . O'Har n . . . Hmmm. the only place you are any use, y, is on the rugger field. Academically, y are retarded . . .'

I was crestfallen. Would I now never ear a bowler but with my stiff collar, look for rd to attempting *The Times* crossword wher was thirty, and carry my umbrella in my lef and? Apparently not.

And what about the Jeyes Fluid? I ha come through puberty without a spot on me.

T H Martin, MA (Oxon) regard me quizzically, as he folded the Racing Pin

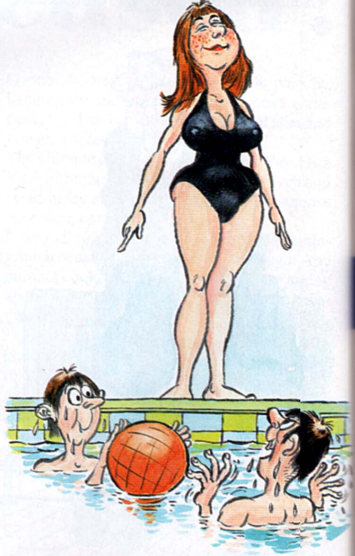
'It is not so much a matter of your b ng a stranger to the truth at times, as much your never having been properly introduced Your lack of regard for the English language q lifies you for only one calling . . .'

'And that, Sir?'

'. . . is journalism.'

As we shook hands Johnny smiled an said, 'May I commend to you the words of scar Wilde? The difference between journali n and most literature is that most journal m is unreadable, and literature scarcely ever ad!'

Pity he never saw my byline in print. I som times think he would have enjoyed stowing *Ma air* in his desk, along with the Racing Pink.



'Bugger the water polo ball,' said Fry, leering at Lucille Lowe in her swim suit. 'Watch me get my hands on them!'

THE MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY

FANNY HILL **£14.95**
Britain's most notorious erotic novel is illustrated with contemporary paintings that even today cannot be reproduced in a magazine such as ours. This large format hard-back is one to treasure. A collectors item.

MORE SEXUAL POSITIONS **£12.95**
This is simply the frankest most explicit picture guide to sex we have ever seen. It is not just a collection of exotic love-making positions but a great visual turn-on.

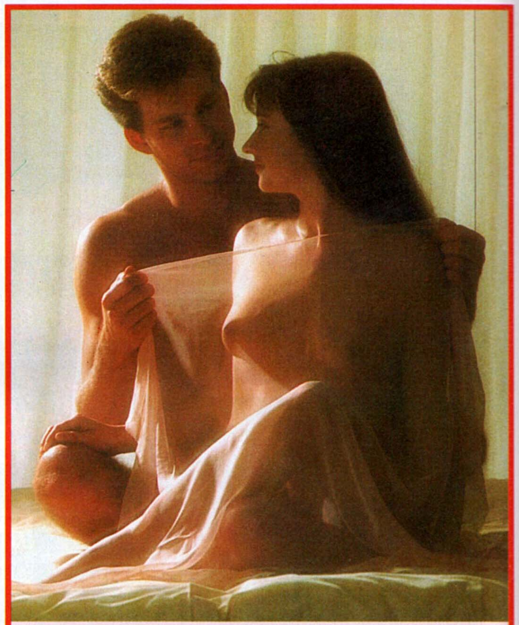
SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR MEN **£6.95**
This deluxe softback edition features some of the most amazingly detailed sexual drawings. Recommended for anyone serious about improving their sex lives.

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES **£6.95**
Our best selling title of all time, this book contains clear advice on improving sexual technique with the aid of 42 full-page photographs of a man and a beautiful girl.

APHRODISIACS **£17.95**
Published by Hamlyn, *Aphrodisiacs* is a large hardback encyclopaedia of love potions past and present. Superbly illustrated with hundreds of pictures, almost all too explicit to publish here, it is a stunning work of vivid erotica.

DEAR DOC **£3**
An ideal reference book for both men and women, you will find 150 full and frank replies to questions about sex that have puzzled people for years. No subject is taboo.

MAKE BETTER LOVE **£12.95**
Did you know a man is more likely to be impotent on a one-night stand? Or that many women are turned on by the thought (if not the reality) of sex with another woman? This lavishly illustrated hard-back tackles head-on many of the traditionally taboo areas of sexual relationships.



SENSUAL MASSAGE **£7.95**
Learn the art of arousing and relaxing your partner through massage with this informative yet erotic book. Illustrated with colour photographs by Antonia Deutsch, *Sensual Massage* demonstrates in words and pictures of young couples the use of oils and essences, water play and applying the hands to every part of the body. Edited by Nitya Lacroix, this large format softback provides a definitive guide for both the beginner and the more experienced practitioner.

ORDER FORM

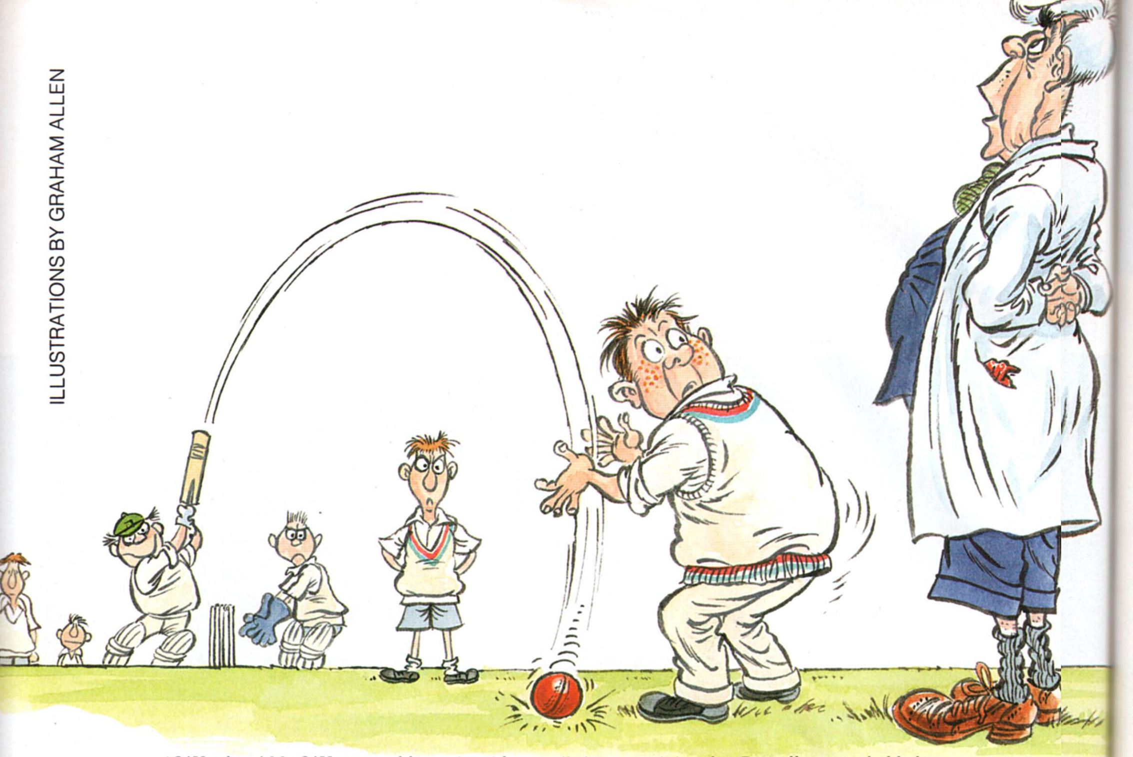
To: Mayfair Book Society: 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.
Please send me, under plain wrapper, the books I have ticked.

Sensual Massage £7.95 ☐
Fanny Hill £14.95 ☐
More Sexual Positions £12.95 ☐
Sexual Happiness For Men £6.95 ☐
Sexual Technique £6.95 ☐
Dear Doc £3 ☐
Aphrodisiacs £17.95 ☐
Make Better Love £12.95 ☐

I enclose cheque/PO for £..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Or debit my Access/Visa/American Express Account
My Card No is .... Name ....
Address .... Signature ....

We also welcome telephone orders from credit card customers. Ring 071-242 1593 between 9.30 am and 5pm and ask for Credit Card Sales.
Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing, and books are sent under plain cover. M26/1

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN



'O'Hanlon,' Mr O'Hara would rasp in mid-over, 'is it your opinion that Parnell was cuckolded by Captain Michael O'Shea?'

Please teacher, can you be excused?

Education might be in crisis today, but in 1943 schools were a haven for eccentrics oddballs, and fondlers of youthful bosoms

Nostalgia by Brian O'Hanlon

'Close eyes!' Gandhi's fruity tones echoed off the high wainscotting of the Victorian classroom as he draped his gaunt body over the smelly, black radiator by the blackboard.

It was 1943. Monty had just chased Rommel across the Western Desert from El Alamein. The Blitz had finished, the horrors of the flying bombs and the rockets were still a year in the future.

Standard II instantly obeyed. To do otherwise would have been idiotic. Charles Hughes, BA had suffered under the cruel soubriquet of 'Gandhi' since, emaciated and shell-shocked, he had been invalided out of the trenches to return to Ditton school. Gandhi's generation of masters believed neither in sparing the rod nor spoiling the child. They live on in Giles famous *Daily Express* cartoon character, 'Chalky'. They were never young; they never dressed any differently other than in chalk-stained pinstripes with school ties and old fashioned collars, and their word was law. They governed with disdain and were regarded with a mixture of fear and affection.

'Close eyes . . . someone spoke!'

Gandhi advanced within cuffing distance of the third desk in the central aisle where I sat with Elwyn Wadsworth. He put his skull-like face next to mine and waited for me to laugh. I gritted my teeth and hollowed my cheeks in so that I would not explode. To do so would have let him know that I knew he was there.

Gandhi returned to the radiator, put his hands in his pockets and scratched away. The gas on the Somme had given him a permanent irritation to his private parts.

'Scrotus, scrotum, scroti . . .' intoned the malicious voice of Whiffy Hatton, three rows behind.

Gandhi had extra sensitive hearing. A rush of wind flew by my left ear as a horny fist made contact with Hatton's head.

'It is not, wretched boy, that I mind your appalling misconstruction of basic Latin nouns,' Gandhi hooted, emphasising each poi by banging the unfortunate Hatton's head o the desk, '. . .but that you are a congenital idle *and you are useless at cricket.*'

The ultimate damnation. Charles Hughes as a Yorkshireman who believed in Heave and Headingley and had no reason ever to sup ose they were unconnected.

It was all a game, perhaps. An eternal b tle-ground between the teachers and the taught ny number could play, and the rules kept cha ing as one went along. And sometimes too, the was great madness.

Dig For Victory was one of the wartime slo ns. Gandhi, who had supervised men di ing trenches in The Great War, appointed hi elf gardening master and marched us off t the school allotment after prayers. As the gr nd was covered with snow and rock hard we ere somewhat bemused.

'Nil desperandum!' Gandhi roared, cu ing 'Boot' Southon for having his hands i his pockets; 'Commence!'

He suddenly stuck his hands in his trouse nd squirmed, screwing up his face with anguis nd relief as he scratched away. The very old weather, apparently, brought on the itch.

'Per Adua Ad Astra' he gasped as a squad n of Spitfires flew overhead, turning and t ey trotting towards School House and his tin of Whitfield's ointment.

We dug in sullen communion. Eventually fresh sods and bits of greenery were overturned, and in another half an hour, warmed by our exertions, we were feeling quite pleased with ourselves as we surveyed a tract about two cricket pitches wide.

During the second period the following morning, when Gandhi had turned a geography lesson on Australia into a dissertation of the bodyline tour, the door flew open and in stumped 'Popeye', otherwise Horace Smith, Lt Commander, RN (Ret'd) Headmaster.

We noticed that he carried his 'swisher' in his right hand, which was shaking as though it belonged to somebody in the terminal stages of Parkinson's Disease.

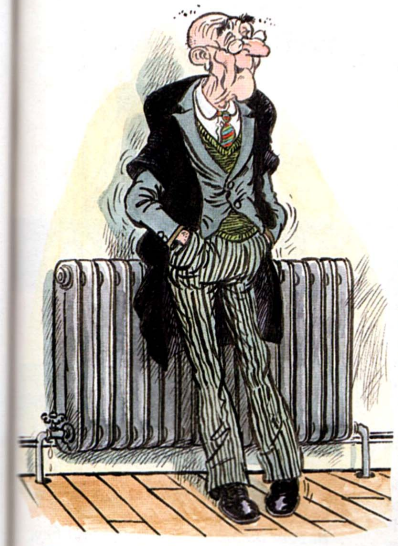
'Are these the Fifth Columnists, Mr Hughes? Is this a haven of treachery I see before me; Lord Haw Haw's apprentices who would damage the war effort?'

Gandhi, not having the slightest idea, either, what the Head was on about, adopted his vulture stance on one foot, his hands clasping the chalk encrusted lapels of his flapping gown.

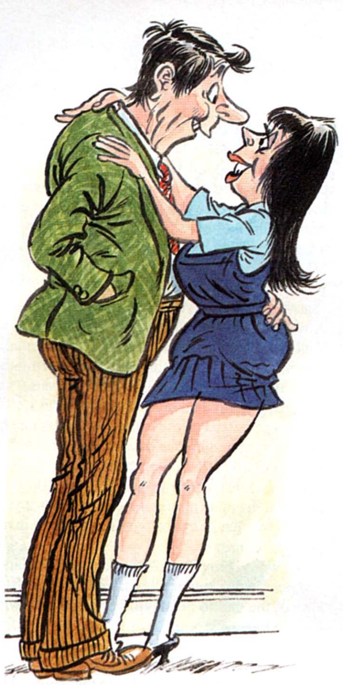
'I beg your pardon, Headmaster?' said Peacock, the class swot.

'No doubt you do, Peacock, but it is not about to be forthcoming. Mr Spencer-Whitehead, chairman of the Governors rang me this morning in a most abusive manner. It seems that a class of our boys went out yesterday and assassinated his allotment. Seeds were disinterred and scattered to the elements, cabbages were beheaded, and a prize marrow flung at a passing bus. Further, when Mr Spencer-Whitehead came out to remonstrate with the boy who had perpetuated that particular piece of agricultural vandalism, he was advised to recover his marrow and/or, endeavour to accommodate it within his fundamental orifice . . .'

My schooldays ended at a business college, the *raison d'etre* of which was to fit young men and women for a career in the City of London. Gandhi and Popeye paled into insignificance



The gas on the Somme had given 'Gandhi' permanent irritation to his private parts



'Fred', the drama teacher, drew the dark-haired beauty closer. 'Now, darling,' he said, 'Katherina's final speech . . .'

after my baptism of wonder to 'Johnny', 'Fred', and 'Sarah'. 'Johnny', aka T H Martin, MA (Oxon), was Headmaster. Fred — Frederick Brunton — had come down from Oxford with a first in Classics, while 'Sarah' — Leo O'Hara — was a one time attendee of University College Dublin, who taught shorthand and English . . .ostensibly.

My interview with the Headmaster took place at attention in his study. As I went in the telephone rang. The Head grimaced, and picked up the receiver as if it were a solidified turd.

'What's that Thorne . . . five shillings? Dammee man, I am not about to shuffle off this mortal coil just yet. The wretched dog only lost the night before last. Now look, as you are on the telephone, kindly put sixpence each way on Danny Boy in the second at Catford this evening, and a shilling on Geordie in the last race at New Cross . . .to win, man. On the nose . . .'

Muttering, he put down the phone and looked up.

'What are you doing, boy?'

'Um . . .'

'Say 'um' to me, Sir, and I'll knock you down!'

I stood there like a goldfish with my mouth open.

Johnny dabbed a wart in the middle of his forehead with his breast pocket handkerchief and and regarded me with massive opprobrium.

'I hope you are not a silly boy.'

'No, Sir.'

'Do you use Jeyes Fluid?'

'Yes, Sir.' I replied truthfully.

The Headmaster brightened.

'The City does not like young men with spots . . .Do you play rugger?'

'Oh, yes, Sir.'

Johnny became positively genial.

'Well, my boy. Welcome to this undistinguished academy for backward boys and forward girls. To get on in life there are four things you must do. Always take *The Times*, but do not attempt the crossword until you are thirty; visit the barber once a fortnight, and never wear a bowler without a stiff collar, and always carry your umbrella in your left hand. Come, I will show you to your classroom.'

We went up to the first landing and I goggled. Two boys were having a free for all under one of the desks, others were reading comics, and the form master was by an old gas radiator with his arm around a strikingly beautiful, dark-haired beauty in a very short gym slip.

Johnny shuffled forward, picked up the two miscreants by their collars and banged their heads together. He then proceeded to gather up the comics, and throw them out of the window. Grinning with satisfaction he approached the form master.

'Er, Brunton, this is O'Hanlon. Plays rugger. Don't want him involved in the drama society . . .carry on!'

Mr Brunton blinked like Stan Laurel, and detached his arm from around the black-haired beauty's waist.

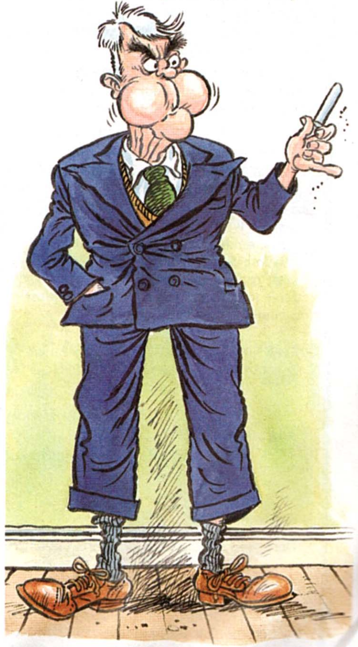
'If you are not interested in drama, my lad, I don't know why the Headmaster put you in *my* class. Go and sit with Curme. He's asleep, so don't wake him . . .'

By now in something approaching a trance, I sat next to a fair-haired boy with a large spot on the end of his nose. He *was* fast asleep.

Mr Brunton replaced his arm around the girl's waist, drew her close to him so that their lips were almost touching, and said, 'Now, Julie, darling, Katherina's final speech. Go from half way . . .'

Julie turned and faced him, putting her arms around his neck, and began:

'I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for
peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway

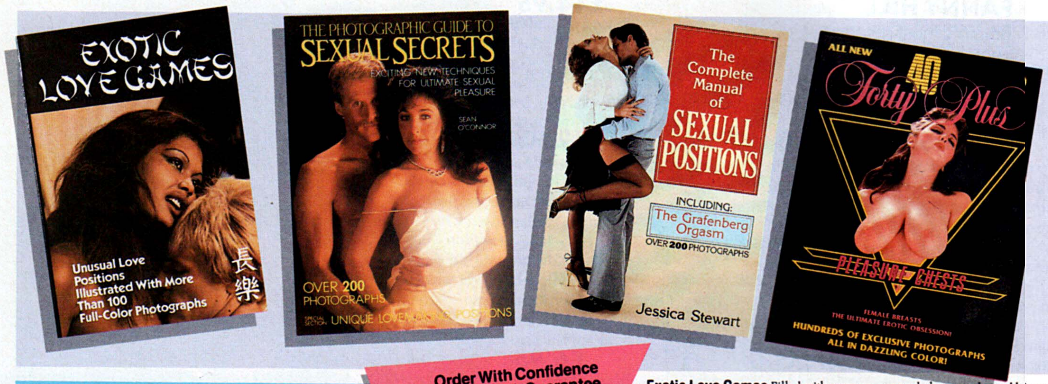


'Sarah' wore the same navy blue serge suit, the whole two years I was there

FOR LOVERS ONLY

Fully Illustrated, Uncensored, Explicit All-New Imports

Never before available in the U.K., we are now able to offer you these high quality explicit titles at special low introductory prices. So order now while stocks lasts!


EXOTIC LOVE GAMES
Unusual Love Positions Illustrated With More Than 100 Full-Color Photographs
長樂
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL SECRETS
EXCITING NEW TECHNIQUES FOR ULTIMATE SEXUAL PLEASURE
SEAN O'CONNOR
OVER 200 PHOTOGRAPHS
UNIQUE LOVEMAKING POSITIONS
The Complete Manual of SEXUAL POSITIONS
INCLUDING: The Grafenberg Orgasm
OVER 200 PHOTOGRAPHS
Jessica Stewart
ALL NEW
40 Forty Plus
PLEASING CHESTS
FEMALE BREASTS
THE ULTIMATE EROTIC OBSESSION!
HUNDREDS OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS ALL IN DAZZLING COLOR!

Order With Confidence
Money Back Guarantee
If Not Totally Satisfied
All Orders Discreetly Packaged
Your Name and Address Will Be kept Totally Confidential

Exotic Love Games Filled with sexy, uncensored photographs and bd text this explicitly detailed book will guide you step by step until you have uocked the sexual mysteries of the Orient! Each different position is shown i closeup, concise detail with corresponding explanations. You'll nev run out of "new ideas" to try on your partner with this masterpiec Normally £8.50. **SPECIAL OFFER — ONLY £6.50.**

Sexual Secrets This photographic guide to pure erotica contains over 200 candid photographs and isre to become a welcome addition to your library. You will master the art of lovemaking as page after picture-pked page shows you step by step how to do it better than you ever dreamed possible! This is truly the ultimate ide to the most intimate fantasies possible! Normally £19.95. **SPECIAL OFFER — ONLY £12.95.**

The Complete Manual of Sexual Positions More than just a book of satisfying orgasm-generatinposi-tions, this incredibly detailed book shows you in explicit, uncensored photos how to reach the deepest levs and trigger the woman's magic G-spot. This all-new illustrated guide provides arousing ways to discover a ne partner — or rediscover a long time one. Normally £13.95. **SPECIAL OFFER — ONLY £9.95.**

40 Plus The Ultimate Erotic Obsession, Babes with bountiful breasts let 'em all hang out in this 96 pagehotographic extravaganza. Picture-packed full of succulent blondes and brunettes and fiery redheads, all dispying their wares in the most candid positions possible. Don't miss this brand-new hot-off the press import thacannot be purchased elsewhere. Normally £12.95. **SPECIAL OFFER — ONLY £9.95.**

SPECIAL OFFER... BUY ALL FOUR BOOKS FOR JUST £33!! THAT'S A SAVINGS OF MORE THAN £20 OFF THE REG. RETAIL PRICE!!

NEW... JUST PUBLISHED!
Super Hot X-Rated Novels

If you're the kind of person who likes to mark the sexy part of a book, get ready to turn the corner of every page of these sex-packed action brand-new sizzlers! This 6-book "steamy" set of classics will make your bookshelves smoke. Rare, uncensored, totally wild and white hot, they waste no time in getting straight to feverish, pounding action!
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE... JUST £14.95!

All the Way
LUST NYMPIS
SEX-HUNGRY COED
NO VOWS TODAY
Hot-to-Trot
SEXUAL JOURNEY

Valentine Products (M.O.) Ltd., PO Box 63, Feltham, Middx TW13 7QN.

Please rush me the items ticked below. I have enclosed my cheque or postal order plus 75p per item to cover postage and handling. My order will arrive discreetly packaged and I may return it within 14 days for a refund or credit note or replacement if not totally satisfied. Overseas orders welcome — please add 30% to cover additional postage and handling costs. Please also include my **FREE** catalogue and enter my name for all future issues.

FREE Catalogue of Erotia and FREE GIFT CUPON With Every Orde

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY.

NAME ____________________

SIGNATURE ____________________
(I am over 18 years of age)

Address ____________________

____

____________________ POSTCODE ____________________

FLO

☐ Exotic Love Games	£ 6.50 + 75p = £ 7.25	(Code 07412)
☐ Sexual Secrets	£12.95 + 75p = £13.70	(Code 15182)
☐ Sexual Positions	£ 9.95 + 75p = £10.70	(Code 05662)
☐ 40 Plus	£ 9.95 + 75p = £10.70	(Code 22322)
☐ All 4 Books Offer	£33.00 + 75p = £33.75	(Code 26122)
☐ X-Rated Novels	£14.95 + 75p = £15.70	(Code 12972)

Please tick box. **Amount Enclosed £**

48 pages of he LATEST and EST in the Worl of Erotica!

I DO IT MYSELF	0898 700 328
HOT & READY	0898 700 327
SPANKING DELIGHT	0898 700 319
EXPLICIT SEX	0898 100 437
FIRM & FORTY	0898 700 324
STEAMING PASSIONS	0898 700 323
PERT & PETITE	0898 700 311
HOT GIRL LOVERS	0898 100 436
STOCKING FANTASIES	0898 700 321
RED HOT GIRLFRIENDS	0898 700 330
FETISH LINES	0898 100 494
LEATHER DELIGHT	0898 700 312
RANDY MISTRESS	0898 700 320
RAMPANT NYMPHO	0898 100 426
READY FOR ACTION	0898 100 406
UP-SKIRT HOT-SHOTS	0898 700 314
SPANKERS DELIGHT	0898 100 425
HOT LIPS	0898 100 429
I NEED A HAND	0898 700 325

EROTIC SEX LINES

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. TELELINE, P.O. BOX 654, BATH BA1 2WR.

AND SO TO BED...

Bedtime becomes thrill time with our new midnight black camisole-style silk-look night gown and briefs (left) for just £24.95. Or, if you prefer a slinkier, more sophisticated style, try our black, satin-look thigh-cut version designed to show off those shapely legs, at the special price of only £22.95.

M27

M10

100% flammable nylon: keep away from fires

ORDER FORM

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA.

Please send me:

TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME
RING CREDIT CARD SALES,
on 071-242 1593 (9.30am to 5pm)

Qty . . . . . black, silk-look nightgowns (item M27) price £24.95. One size only

Qty . . . . . black, satin-look nightgowns (item M10) price £22.95. One size only

I enclose cheque/postal order for £. . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/Visa/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS . . . .

NAME . . . . ADDRESS . . . .

. . . . SIGNATURE M26/1

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

cassette player. Believe it or not it was playing *Je t'aime* — the heavy breathing French thing. 'Come on,' Jerome said. 'Let yourself go. Show us what sort of model you'd make.'

Quest: Did you?

Buyer: I couldn't stop laughing, but Jerome plopped into a chair in the corner and kept telling me to go on, get into it. So I started to do a sort of slow bop — when the song ended Jerome put it on again. And I suppose I did get into it.

Quest: In what way?

Buyer: To be honest, it began to turn me on. I was sort of slinking round the room, in time to the music. I knew the dress was lifting every time I swayed, probably giving Jerome lovely views of my stocking tops, not to mention my knickers. I was bending forward, too, every now and then, wiggling my boobs, feeling them almost spill out. I do have a bit of an exhibitionist streak, but it was mainly Jerome's reaction that inspired me. He couldn't take his eyes off me. That — plus the wine, I suppose — made me go over the top.

Quest: How?

Buyer: There was a rack in the corner with men's suits hanging on it. I sort of moved up behind it and started squirming my thighs against the suit trousers! In time to the music. And running my hands up and down the sides, as if it was a real fellow. Then I looped my leg round the metal upright at the end of the rack — it was actually quite thick and sturdy — and rubbed myself against it.

Quest: You mean your crotch?

Buyer: I'd seen someone do it once in a naughty Italian film once. But it did actually put pressure on a sensitive point, shall we say.

Quest: So you were masturbating?

Buyer: Technically, I suppose, I was. I didn't actually stick my hand in my knickers and rub away! But the effect was broadly similar — certainly on Jerome. His eyes were just big circles. Then he started to get up, and I noticed at once his trousers were a little *distorted*. Of course, then, I went cold. I realised I'd gone over the top. I thought he was going to slap my face and call me a slut, or even attack me. He didn't, of course. He just walked up to me, gazing straight into my face, whispered my name, and grabbed me. And suddenly we went into this passionate kiss. He didn't seem to be able to get enough of me. It was like being eaten alive. It was lovely. Then his hands were all over me, squeezing my boobs, and my bottom, and we sank onto the floor. Jerome was so worked up he was pulling up my dress, and trying to tear at his trouser zip at once. I had to help him get the zip down. Then he yanked down his pants with one hand, and just pushed aside the gusset of my briefs with the other. And he sank straight into me — all the way, too — one big, breath-snatching stroke. Then we were away.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Buyer: 'Enjoy' is putting it mildly. I felt utterly possessed by him. When he let go, it was like being on the end of a volcano. Feeling him come so explosively brought me off, too. That had never happened to me before. In a way, it should have ended at that — a lovely, one-afternoon stand. Unfortunately we fell in love and got married.

Quest: Why unfortunately?

Buyer: Basically all Jerome's energies were devoted to the business. I couldn't compete. I couldn't go on playing with myself in sexy underwear just to get his attention, either. But I'll never forget the early days.

Quest: Thank you.

SULTRY
SEDUCTIVE
SEXY
CALL
SHEILA

LIVE
CALL
BACK

0831 109553

Sex. The brass tacks...
Where, when, who, which, why, how? You'll find all the answers you need in X DIRECTORY, a unique source of the latest hard inside info for sexually-liberated adults never before published.

Fetish clubs · Weekend hotspots · XXX videos reviewed · Effective aphrodisiacs · Hottest sex clubs and live shows · Swinging scene · Sensuous massage techniques · Top sex toys · Turn-ons and turn-offs · Interpreting body language · TV gear · Sex and the law · Best naturist resorts · Contact clubs · Leather and rubber fashion · Erotic body jewellery, tattoos and piercing, etc, etc · You name it, we've got it covered!

X DIRECTORY
the *ultimate* **little black book**

☐ Too raunchy to be sold in the shops; available only on subscription ☐ Published monthly with regular updates, listings, features, and exclusive special offers ☐ Fully illustrated throughout ☐ Pocket-sized, fits all personal organizers for easy reference ☐ No risk/money back guarantee.

"The most comprehensive sex guide covering UK, Europe and USA"

Only £9.95 for 6 months (5 issues).
Or £17.95 for 1 year (10 issues)
includes **FREE** matt-black personal organizer to hold complete set. Overseas add £3/£5. Allow 21 days delivery.

Please send cheques/POs to
Newhouse Publishing (FM)
18 Macaulay Road, London SW4 0QX
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE
071-720 0345

PEN PALS

Make yourself a new friend right away with MATCHMAKER, a monthly catalogue of EXCITING NEW CONTACTS, penpals and sweethearts near and far.

Every page is ABSOLUTELY PACKED with descriptive commentaries and photographs of people who are waiting to hear from YOU.

WRITE NOW enclosing a stamp, if possible. By return we will RUSH to you an APPROVAL copy of MATCHMAKER to view for yourself.

MATCHMAKER, Dept. R.1.
CHORLEY, LANCS. PR7–4BS.

HOT GOSSIP presents
phone~line fantasies!
HOT~LINE SEX!
0836 402 850

Uniform Delights!	0836 402 851
Leather Mistress	0836 402 852
Pleasure Bound	0836 402 853
Fantasies...	0836 402 854
Teach me a lesson!	0836 402 855
I've Been Bad!	0836 402 856
Girls on Girls	0836 402 857
Lesbian Lovers	0836 402 858
Fishnet Fetish!	0836 402 859
Frustrated Married Women!	0836 402 860
Talk Naughty To Me!	0836 402 861
Sex and the Neighbour	0836 402 862
Wife~swappers!	0836 402 863
Sweet Sexual Awakening	0836 402 864
XXX~Rated!	0836 402 865
Up My Skirt!	0836 402 866
Black Knickers	0836 402 867
Black on Blonde!	0836 402 868
French~style...	0836 402 869
Stand & Deliver!	0836 402 870
HOT SEX!	0836 402 871
Suspenders and Stockings	0836 402 872
Soft Silk Panties...	0836 402 873
Panting Pam!	0836 402 874
Self~Satisfaction	0836 402 875
MAN TO MAN!	0836 402 876

WARNING! THESE PHONE LINES CONTAIN EXTREMELY EXPLICIT AND SEXUALLY EXCITING MESSAGES ~ STRICTLY FOR ADULTS ONLY!

HOT GOSSIP, P.O.BOX 384, G.SHELFORD, CAMBS., CB2 5VA.
CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES.

☎ SEX LINES — 'Our girls go all the way, nothing held back'.
Call them and listen on 0898 884 939. (33p per minute cheap rate, 44p at all other times).

28 HARD SEX VIDEO FILMS ONLY 42p EACH

IMPORT SCAN RELEASES

THAT'S RIGHT — IT'S NOT A PRINTING ERROR —

IT'S A GENUINE OFFER OF 28 VIDEO FILMS FROM ME CINDY THRUST!
It's a one-off chance to grab these 28 video titles, never before seen in the U.K., at these prices, hard sex movies for an incredibly low £11.75 — that's only 42p each title.

WARNING!

- Do not buy if you are likely to be offended by intercourse.
- Do not buy if the sight of group sex, all girl sex and orgy sex action might disturb you.
- Do not buy if the sight of adult action will upset you.

You will see all these topics and many more featured right to the FULL CLIMAX in my original 28 video films, which should not be confused with all those other imitation advertisements on the market selling SOFT ENGLISH RUBBISH, ON LOW QUALITY VIDEO TAPE.

To keep the price down, these 28 titles have been run off in bulk, especially to knock our English competitors out of the market. Our guarantee to you is:-
BUY US — TRY US —
AND YOU'RE SURE TO STAY WITH US!
Remember — when you receive your goods you will be given a security number code for future orders plus details of our new distribution centre in the UK.

MY VIDEO FILMS ARE THE REAL THING

Read the warning again, as it is not our intention to upset you — we are positive you will be riveted to your seats watching these incredible films, so I only ask that you:-

1 BUY THE FULL COLLECTION OF 28 TITLES AT ONLY £11.75 — THAT'S ONLY 42p EACH
2 BE DISCREET WHEN YOU SEE THEM AND RECEIVE OUR EXPLICIT FULL COLOUR CATALOGUE OF OTHER OFFERS FREE

The full range of 28 titles gives you 2 of every sexual subject you can imagine, guaranteed to whet the strongest palate!

☎ CREDIT CARD ORDER PHONE LINE 081-534 8855 (24hrs)

VOT MAIL ORDER, 2A PERCY ROAD, LEYTONSTONE, LONDON E11 1SJ

28 IMPORTED VIDEO FILMS NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE UK AT THIS PRICE ONLY £11.75 that's only 42p EACH

CALLERS WELCOME Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri.8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. SP16

City Trading Limited, Reg. Office, 547 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex Reg. No: 2174586

Please forward urgently, under plain wrapper, the 28 titles feature above, on Video.
I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £11.75 plus £3.25 p&p = £15
Make cheques payable to 'VOT' and add your name and address to reverse.
Name ______
Address ______
______ Postcode ______
I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18 ______ Signed
VOT MAIL ORDER, (Dept VIF) 2a Percy Road,
Leytonstone, London E11 1SJ.
1247

THE LABORATORY
OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

For many women one of the most arousing of sexual fantasies is to bring themselves to a sexual climax while a lover is observing them. This month Quest talks to three women whose partners encouraged them to act out their fantasy, bringing unexpected and deeply erotic consequences

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Female
Age . . . . 32 years
Town of Origin . . . .
Bradford
Other details . . . . This striking red-headed interviewee manages a fitness studio she owns with her husband. They have one child.

Quest: Is masturbation important to you?

Manageress: I don't know about *important*. I do it, if that's what you mean.

Quest: Often?

Manageress: Mostly, when Steve, my husband, isn't around. He's been trying to open a couple more studios for us this year, and he's been away a fair amount. I do need *relief* — if that's the word! — every couple of weeks as a rule. If Steve's around I'm happy with a kiss and a cuddle. We don't have to screw like demented rabbits every night, or even every week. But, if I have to go without a cuddle, I find I need something a bit more basic. Funnily enough, I wanted to do it most when I was breast-feeding last year. It sounds incredibly kinky, but I found that quite a turn-on.

Quest: Did you tell your husband?

Manageress: I told him what breast-feeding did to me. I didn't tell him what I did to myself afterwards.

Quest: Why not?

Manageress: He wouldn't understand. He's a lovely fellow, but he's quite straight where sex is concerned. Anyway, it's nothing to do with him. It's more to do with private fantasy.

Quest: You don't fantasise about real people when you masturbate, then?

Manageress: I might start by thinking about a real person, but they don't stay real. Mind you, I have found myself gasping out Steve's name when I've come! Perhaps if I told him that he wouldn't mind it. No, fantasy is about ideal lovers — men who are unbelievably handsome, with lean, firm bodies, tight little bums — and thumping big erections which *never* get tired!

Quest: You like the idea of big erections?

Manageress: The *idea* is a big turn on. I think that goes for a lot of women. In reality over-sized *things* are a pain in the bum — if you'll forgive the expression. But, if your fantasies were the same as reality, you wouldn't need your fantasies, would you? Anyway, most of the men I've been involved with seem to think they were massively endowed, anyway!

Quest: Can you give an example?

Manageress: The main one was a fellow called

EXTREME
CLOSE-UP
-full colour Continental mags that show the action as it happens in extreme close up.
PRIVATE LINES, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

ALL NEW MAGAZINES HOT OFF THE PRESSES

MEGA SEX MAG PACK – Sex Imports

BLACK SHAVERS
BLACK SHAVERS
These beauties just love to get it all off, revealing page after page of silky smooth action.

ECSTACY – ASIAN STYLE
Oriental stunnas, revelling in some of the best action for years. What you could do to these girls doesn't bear thinking about.

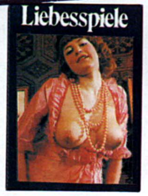
MEGA TITS
Exposed on every page — plus 2 girl action and the biggest, largest boobs you have ever seen soaped.

MEGA JUGS
A very horny collection of beautiful well shaped women of mega jug proportions — real beauties, real horny.

UNDER HALF NORMAL PRICE. EXTREMELY LOW PRICES — ONLY £6 EACH
ALL 4 FOR ONLY £11.95

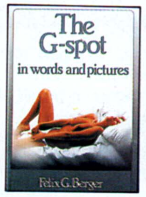
City Trading Limited, Reg. Office, 547 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex Reg. No: 2174586

IMPORTIERTE DEUTSCHE SEX BÜCHER
Specially imported from Germany



LIEBESSPIELE (Love Games)
On the beach, on a boat, outdoors, by the pool, in the bath — all action sexual encounters.

Heisse Liebe
HEISSE LIEBE (Hot Love)
More beauties with well hung studs demonstrate their favourite positions; it's endless sex that never ends.

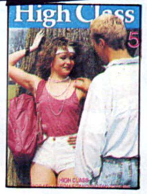


THE G-SPOT (in words and pictures)
Clear demonstrations in words and pictures, how to enjoy the G-Spot Vibrator — see the ecstasy!

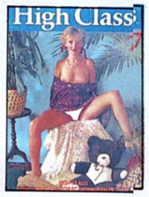
Lustreiche Stellungen
LUSTREICHE STELLUNGEN (Lustful Positions)
Packed with couple after couple in wanton displays of sex and satisfaction — really explicit.

THESE BOOKS ARE ON SALE IN GERMANY FOR OVER £20 EACH. JUST £5 EACH
ALL 4 NOW ONLY £10

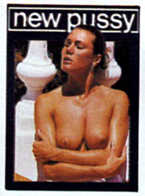
HIGH CLASS — HIGH JINKS
Scandinavian Hard Sex Mags



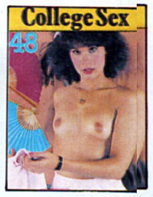
HIGH CLASS 5
Well hung studs giving it to a group of fillies. Then Ted takes Rose and Amy joins in.



HIGH CLASS 7
Laura's big boobs really bounce as she sits on Jack's lap — the rest's too hot to mention.



NEW PUSSY
A real special this one, with highly revealing pictures on every page of some of the best hetro and all girl action.



COLLEGE SEX
A group of muscle bound studs pleasuring some of the most beautiful women you have ever seen.

50% OFF SCANDINAVIAN PRICES. ONLY £10 EACH.
ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95

EXTRA LOW PRICE
TAKE ALL 12 MAGS FEATURED FOR THE EXTRA-LOW PRICE OF JUST £35.95

HOW TO ORDER
1. CALLERS WELCOME AT THE OUTLETS LISTED BELOW
2. COMPLETE & POST THE COUPON

☎ GIRLS IN UNIFORM
0898 884 042
Calls charged at 33p per minute cheap rate. 44p at all other times.

CALLERS WELCOME — These imported Sex Mags and many other adult products are available at the retail outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30 — 6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. *(off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.
SP16

1225
Please rush me, under plain cover, the magazines indicated. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ ____________ Make cheques payable to MO Division, and add your name and address to reverse side.
PRICES LISTED ABOVE WITH SPECIAL DEALS ON 4 OR MORE
☐ Black Shavers
☐ Ecstacy
☐ Mega Tits
☐ Mega Jugs
☐ Liebesspiele
☐ Heisse Liebe
☐ The G-Spot
☐ Lustreiche Stellungen
☐ High Class 5
☐ High Class 7
☐ New Pussy
☐ College Sex
Name ____________
Address ____________
____
____________ Postcode ____________
I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18 ____________ Signed
PRIVATE LINES, (Dept MF), 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

QUEST

John I met when I was about 22. We almost got married; we almost lived together — it was that kind of affair. He was a good athlete — a squash player, good enough to turn professional. But a real big head, and not just about his sport. He did have a pretty fantastic physique, though, and he was pretty good in bed, too. Probably the best I'll ever have. But, even though I was with him two years, I can't say I was really in love with him.

Quest: So it was a purely physical attraction?

Manageress: It was, and it wasn't. He was the only man I've know who was completely fascinated by sex. Most fellows are supposed to be sex mad, but, actually, as soon as they've shot their loads, that's it. John never got tired of it — physically, perhaps. But, even after he'd just let fly, he'd still be happy to go on stroking, or finding out what I wanted to do. You don't give up a fellow like that easily, however badly he behaves otherwise. Like taking you completely for granted, or enjoying the odd fling on the side. I had the *dirtiest* sex I've ever had with John. He gave me the chance to be like that. I don't think I'd have appreciated someone like Steve as much if I hadn't known John.

Quest: Did you masturbate when you knew him?

Manageress: We both did.

Quest: How did that happen?

Manageress: The first time it happened was the first time we slept together. I met him at a squash club we both belonged to. I'd noticed him around for a couple of months, and I was fairly sure he'd noticed me, but he didn't ask me out until we played together in the same league. He thrashed me, of course. I'd only squeezed my way into the table to get to know him. He obviously had quite a few girlfriends, so I knew I'd have to make some effort. We went out for a meal. I thought we got on very well. But, when I asked him back to the flat for a coffee, he was very take-it-or-leave-it about the whole thing. That was always his attitude, which, of course, only made me more eager.

Quest: You made it obvious you wanted to go to bed with him?

Manageress: I didn't tear my clothes off. But, if he'd had any nous at all, he'd have seen I wanted him to at least try. He didn't even try to kiss me until he was at the front door, about to leave. We started kissing, and just didn't stop. When he did we went straight through into the bedroom. I didn't find out till months later he'd actually promised to stay the night with some other girl he was going on to! So I suppose I can count it a compliment.

Quest: Did you have sexual intercourse straightaway?

Manageress: We wrestled each other's clothes off on the bed, in the dark. John got on top of me, and we did it quite quickly. After we'd cuddled a bit, I got up to tidy myself in the bathroom. John came in after me. I'm sure it was just to show me his cock.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Manageress: I had a big mirror by the bathroom door. He put his arm round my shoulder, and got us to look at each other in it. I know once you've done it with someone there's not much point in being modest any more, and we did look good together. But I thought that was a bit blatant. He had a nice penis, too — very smooth and clean-looking, but nothing special. Then, of course, it started to twitch and get hard again.

Quest: How did you react?

Manageress: I shrieked with laughter. It sounds ridiculous, but, at 22, I'd never actually seen a fellow *getting* hard. I'd seen two or three when they *were* hard, and felt a few more, generally through trousers. I'd seen them limp, too. But the bit in between was a bit of a mystery. I was very embarrassed, but I was totally fascinated, too. John didn't seem to mind my laughter at all. He just grinned and held my shoulder as we watched his cock get bigger in the mirror. I kept saying, 'Oh this is disgusting!' But I didn't look away. Then, when he hadn't jerked for a bit, he reached down and gave his foreskin a little tug. I gave a big shudder, then pushed his hand away, and told him he shouldn't do that in front of me. He laughed, and asked me why not. I just blushed, and said, 'You shouldn't do that in front of a girl. That's all.' Which made me sound really pathetic. 'But why?' he said. 'What harm does it do? If you wanted to do it to yourself *I* wouldn't be at all bothered.' Then he reached down, and tugged himself again.

Quest: How did you react?

Manageress: I felt embarrassed and got at. What was worse, of course, was that he actually got quite a bit stiffer as he did it. I just didn't want him to mess up something nice by being stupid. So I reached down, pushed his hand, and took hold of him myself. 'If anyone's going to stroke *that* around here,' I said, 'it's going to be me.' That worked. He began to gasp as I stroked him, then he reached over and started stroking my boob. A couple of minutes later we were at it again in the bedroom.

Quest: When did you start to masturbate for him?

Manageress: For the first few months I knew him we had this sort of routine, where we'd start with a quickie — to work off John's first head of steam. Then, afterwards, we'd just lie together, and he'd stroke me very gently. Sometimes I came with the first screw, but more often I'd do it then — either by getting so worked up he only had to slip into me to bring me off, or sometimes I'd just come from him touching me. One night he was doing that — I was actually quite close to boiling point — and he stopped, took hold of my hand and put it down between my legs. 'You take over,' he said. 'I need a rest.'

Quest: Did you?

Manageress: Not at first. In fact, we nearly had an argument. Then he said, 'Go on, it'll really get me going. No one's ever done that for me before.' I had to when he said that. So I did what he asked me to.

Quest: You gave yourself a climax?

Manageress: I rubbed myself until it happened. As it started, I reached out for him, and he hugged me while I had my spasms. After that he encouraged me to be more outrageous. Mostly, though, we did it when I was having my period.

Quest: Do what exactly?

Manageress: We'd kiss and cuddle and stroke each other as usual, but, when we were ready for intercourse, John would kneel up and start rubbing me between the legs, while I played with my boobs — or he'd stroke my boobs, and I'd fiddle between my legs. I'd touch his penis, too, but mainly I got all the attention! In the meantime he'd be stroking himself, or rubbing his cock against my tummy or my boobs. He'd almost always hold himself back until my climax started — either of us might be touching my pussy at that moment. Then he'd pump at his cock quite fiercely until he came himself.

Quest: You were always that physically close to each other?

Manageress: Not at the end. Once — this was John's idea — we sat at opposite ends of my living room; John was in an armchair; I was on the sofa. Both of us were naked, and we just watched each other playing with ourselves until we came. Afterwards I thought, John didn't really need me there at all — I could have been a naughty video as far as he was concerned. Excitement is lovely, but if that's all there is eventually it stops being exciting. We broke up quite soon after that.

Quest: You don't regret not being that free with your husband?

Manageress: What Steve and I do is fine by me.

Quest: Thank you.

> **One night, as John stroked me, he put my hand between my legs and said, "I need a rest. You take over"**

PERSONAL FILE
Name .... Withheld
Sex .... Female
Age .... 26 years
Town of Origin .... Bournemouth
Other details .... This brunette interviewee works as a librarian on the south coast and shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: How often do you masturbate?

Librarian: Oh God, it's not something I put in my diary! When my boyfriend isn't around, I suppose. I mean, for a long time.

Quest: Did you masturbate more before you knew him?

Librarian: I've known Ian just over a year. Before then I didn't have a regular relationship for almost two years. The second year on my

HARD & EXPLICIT ▶ NEW RELEASE ▶ ONLY FOR THE DANISH MARKET — UNTIL NOW!

40 EXTREMELY STRONG HARD IMPORTED VIDEO FILMS just 28p each

YES - IT'S TRUE 40 DIFFERENT HARD FILMS FROM MASTERS - NOT SOFTENED COPIES

COLOR CLIMAX + RODOX + BIZARRE SEX + LESBIAN LUST + PRIVATE +

▶ Big Tit ▶ Group ▶ Lesbian ▶ Troilism ▶ Rubber ▶ Leather ▶ Oral are just a few of the subjects covered in my films which are all the genuine article not cut softened down copies — I guarantee that what you are about to see will make your eyes pop out! Hour after hour of non stop sex action of which every film shows you full entry — full climax and full value. **Elsa Bergen.** VideoStrom 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

ONLY SOLD IN BATCHES OF 40 FILMS FOR A LOW LOW £11.20 plus p&p

WARNING
▶ Do not purchase if strong sex action offends you.
▶ Do not purchase if close up intercourse will disturb you.
▶ Do not purchase if climax shots are likely to offend or disturb you.

JUST 28 PENCE EACH HOW CAN YOU GO WRONG

FULL COLOUR ALL ACTION AND GUARANTEED HARD!

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri. 8pm)
Sole UK recommended outlets

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. SP16

☎ 'Hard dirty phone talk. Get three girls for the price of one. Will take you all the way'. Call on 0898 884 049.

'SEX SERVICES ON THE PHONE'. Call on 0898 884 038.

LESBIANS talk horny to each other. Call 0898 884 945.

Calls charged at 33p a minute cheap rate, 44p a minute at all other times.

Tobyward Ltd., Reg. Office, 543 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex Reg. No. 1634311

☎ Credit Card Order 081-534 8855 24 hrs

VideoStrom (Dept MF)
627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE
Please rush me, by return, the full 40 Video Titles on video. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £11.20 plus £5.95 handling & delivery charge = £17.15. If paying by cheque, add your name and address to reverse side.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA — Add £5
Name
Address
Postcode
I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18 Signed
T344

QUEST

own I don't remember doing it very much at all. The first year I did it quite a lot — but that was mainly because of what had gone before. It wasn't just me.

Quest: What went before?

Librarian: I had quite an intense relationship — physically as well as emotionally. I think your body gets used to being satisfied. It's very hard to switch off that need just because the person who satisfied you isn't there any more.

Quest: Do you tell your current boyfriend you masturbate?

Librarian: No, I don't.

Quest: Why not?

Librarian: It's too personal. Talking like this is bad enough! I've only ever talked about it to one person apart from you

Quest: Did this happen during your intense affair?

Librarian: I told Keith about it, yes. Or, rather, Keith asked me about it.

Quest: Keith was your intense relationship?

Librarian: Yes.

Quest: Did he ask you to demonstrate?

Librarian: Yes. That sounds a bit disgusting. It wasn't. It was something we shared.

Quest: Did masturbating in front of someone excite you?

Librarian: After I'd got over my initial embarrassment, yes.

Quest: Did that surprise you?

Librarian: No! It's been a sort of fantasy of mine for a long time. Not blatantly *doing* myself in front of someone, but being overlooked secretly — so I know someone is watching me, but I pretend I don't. I remember when I was 19, soaking in the bath one Saturday morning — I think my parents were out — and I was having these fruity thoughts; I can't remember what set them off. And I started to touch myself. Then this shadow fell across the bathroom window; the window was at the end of the bath, overlooking the length of it. I nearly died — until I realised it was the windowcleaner. Obviously he couldn't see me through the frosted glass, but I think he could tell someone was having a bath. I'd only seen him in passing three or four times. He was just a young fellow in his mid-twenties, reasonable-looking, and I'd never particularly fancied him. But, suddenly, the thought that he was there, rubbing away at the glass about six feet away from me, and I was lying here, naked, rubbing away at *myself* was incredibly exciting.

Quest: So you went on masturbating?

Librarian: I went on stroking myself gently, just to see if I could. But it seemed to hit a nerve — literally, I think! My heart was thumping; I was gasping for air. Part of it, I'm sure, was that I thought I was being outrageous.

Quest: Can you remember exactly how you were positioned?

Librarian: On my back, with my legs as wide as I could get them. I suppose my crotch must just have been sticking out the water.

Quest: Did you come?

Librarian: It happened almost by surprise. Normally I need to build up to it. I get excited enough to feel it close, then I slow down, or stop, and build up to it again — until the tension is so much I have to come. But then it just started and kept going. I remember giving this loud sob as I had my climax — I couldn't help myself. And the silhouette on the glass stopped moving! I could see the windowcleaner trying to peer through. My heart nearly stopped. I didn't dare move a muscle until he'd gone. But thinking about that incident used to make me feel naughty for years afterwards.

Quest: How did you meet Keith?

Librarian: He used to come into the library when I was on the reference desk. He was a teacher at a local polytechnic who'd been declared redundant, so he was trying to improve his degree. He was a bit gaunt and wispy, fairly scruffy, too — and about seven years older than me. Not the sort I used to go for at all. But he had a nice face, and an incredibly quirky way of looking at things; he used to have me in fits sometimes, which didn't go down too well at work! I looked forward to him coming in. Then he started asking me out for a coffee at lunchtime. Our first proper date was when we went to a local play.

> **Keith told me that seeing how I liked to touch myself would show him how to touch me in better ways**

Quest: So things developed quite gradually between you?

Librarian: No, they developed very quickly! Keith's the only man I've slept with on the first date. The odd thing — to me, at any rate — was how natural he made it all seem. I wasn't a virgin; I was on the pill. But I'd only had boyfriends my own age before. There'd always been a lot of petting and fumbling before I let it happen. I do enjoy being coaxed, but I'd always felt embarrassed and guilty about ending up on beds or sofas with my knickers literally in a twist. It made the whole thing seem so grubby, when it hadn't really been like that at all. Keith wasn't like that at all. He just treated me like a grown up. A bit too grown up in some ways.

Quest: How do you mean?

Librarian: After the play we had a meal. I couldn't remember when I'd last got on with someone so well. I felt really close to him. That was when I decided I would go to bed with him. All I wanted was some sign that he fancied me as much. But he wouldn't give it! The most he did was put his arm round my shoulder when we walked back to his flat for coffee. Then we just sat on his sofa and talked. I must have made it obvious I wanted him to kiss me! We got to midnight, and I really thought that was it; I'd obviously been kidding myself. I actually went to the loo, planning to say goodbye when I came back. But he waylaid me in the hall afterwards, literally just grabbed me, and gave me this enormously passionate kiss against the wall. I was so relieved I'd have done it with him right there! Later he said he'd been afraid I'd turn him down, which is why he hadn't done anything earlier. I'm still half convinced he was just teasing me. But, anyway, we went into the bedroom, and that was our first time.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Librarian: It was gorgeous. We took turns in the bathroom, got into bed in the dark. Keith was very gentle, very loving.

Quest: Did you come?

Librarian: That didn't happen for a couple of months. I don't think I could have coped if it had! It was just so overwhelming being that close to someone, cuddling up to them all night, being able to wander about in front of them without any clothes on. Keith thought I was sex mad. I wanted to feel him inside me all the time — not to come myself, but just to be that close. Then, one Sunday morning, I was in the bathroom, standing by the basin, washing my rude bits with a flannel — I wasn't wearing anything. Keith came in, and offered to do it for me. So I laughed, and let him. He bent down behind me, and began soaping between my legs. In fact, he ended up rubbing me. I got more and more excited. I wanted him to stop, so we could do it together, but he wouldn't. 'I want to see your face in the mirror,' he said. 'You watch it, too.'

Quest: Did you climax?

Librarian: Yes, I did. Keith virtually had to hold me up as it happened; I was shaking so much. I felt I'd been disgusting and selfish; I was actually extremely embarrassed. Keith told me not to be silly; it had been beautiful, especially my face. He also had an enormous erection. I insisted we did it together, right there on the bathroom carpet. Afterwards, though, I realised that seeing Keith's face just behind me, watching me as I got excited — was a tremendous turn-on. In fact, it became a sort of favourite thing with us.

Quest: In what way?

Librarian: Keith had a long mirror on his bedroom wall. If we lay across his bed we could see ourselves in it. I used to lie on my side, facing it. Keith would lie, or kneel, behind me, put his hand between my legs and stroke me. Then he'd watch me in the mirror while I had my climax. Afterwards he'd roll me over, and come inside me. He was always virtually at bursting point, then, anyway. Quite a few times he actually made me come again. One night we were doing it, and he stopped, and said, 'Here, why am I doing all the work? I think it's time you had a go.'

Quest: He wanted you to masturbate in front of him?

Librarian: At first I wouldn't. He said it was only what he'd been doing to me. I told him we'd been doing that *together*. Then he said that seeing how I liked to touch myself would only show him how to touch me in even better ways.

Quest: Had you told him about your windowcleaner incident?

Librarian: Not then, no.

Quest: So you masturbated for him?

Librarian: Yes. I was literally scarlet — all over — when I started. I couldn't look at myself; in fact I shut my eyes. Then, as I started stroking, I sort of peeped under my eyelids. And Keith's expression was so rapt. It was actually how I'd always imagined the windowcleaner would look

Color Climax

VIDEOS-NOW IN THE U.K.

SEX LINE - The only line in Britain that goes all the way
0898 886 401
(33p per minute cheap rate, 44p at all other times).

For the first time ever Color Climax are offering for sale explicit sex videos at big discount prices.

Known throughout Europe for the highest quality sex videos, this is the opportunity you cannot afford to miss — these explicit raw Scandinavian sex videos are now priced lower than ever before.

STAR BUY VIDEO — MOST EXPLICIT:
FINISHING OUT
This 18 year old, lust laden lady is sent to a new finishing school by her father, in the hope it will tame her wild ways. What he doesn't know is that the school is packed with lusty females who will open their legs for anyone — packed with girls experimenting, while others sprawl naked in sex filled groups.
Import Price ~~£59.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

EXPLICIT VIDEO CATALOGUE
Full colour, uncensored throughout
- ► COVER PRICE £5
- ► YOURS FOR ONLY £2
- ► FREE WITH ORDER

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE NAUGHTY
Firstly the bored housewife seduces the decorator with the oversized roller — then his young assistant walks in. James gets Louise drunk to take advantage of her lovely body. While at the hotel the guests get involved with the staff in a kinky continuous sex act.
Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

EROTIC FANTASY
The nightclub is swinging — of the eight girls, one is being taken by an Arab built like an oil platform, two more are involved with a 'big' lady. Another is endulging with two sailors and yet another is going solo. Two more girls dance together while the newest girl practices oral sex.
Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

THE NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE
Everyone fancies Phillip's wife. She's a well built honey who goes like a steam train. And one by one, all the neighbours have a go in a frenzy of continuous sex — Do not miss it!
Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

SWEDISH NYMPHO GIRLS
Girls who are slaves to their own sexual desires, who give their bodies to every depraved act in the book. Watch them taken in every way, including solo and 2 girl action. ɔn.
Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

City Trading Ltd., Reg. Office 547 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex. Reg. No. 2174596.

ORDER BY POST
Please despatch quickly, under plain cover, the titles indicated below. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ If paying by cheque, make payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse side.

☐ **Finishing Out**
☐ **The Good, the Bad & Naughty**
☐ **The Neighbour's Wife**
☐ **Erotic Fantasy**
☐ **Swedish Nympho Girls**

☐ **catalogue £2 FREE**

ALL THE ABOVE:
£14.95 EACH
ANY 2 £27.95
ALL 5 £49.95

☐ VHS
☐ BETA — add £5 per order

Name____________________
Address____________________
____
__________Postcode__________
I am aware of the nature of these videos and agree not to show them to minors.
Signed____________________I am over 18
PRIVATE LINES (Dept MF)
627 Forest Rd.Walthamstow London E17 4NE
1100

Callers welcome Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscar **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.
SP16

QUEST

— totally entranced, and turned-on, almost worshipping. And I felt that sort of fast, sinking sensation when you know you're going to do something frightening, or daring, and you can't stop. So I touched myself in exactly the way I would have done if I'd been on my own. And it was the most unbelievable turn-on — because I was sharing with Keith about the most personal and intimate thing there is.

Quest: Presumably you climaxed?

Librarian: I had an absolutely shattering climax. I never thought the spasms would stop. Then, as I flopped there, I turned to Keith, and he was gripping the most enormous erection — as if he was physically trying to hold himself back from exploding. And, literally the second I looked at it, he called my name and did explode. I wanted him so much; I just grabbed him to me, and his *thing* was jerking between us, as he came. I can't tell you how glorious it was.

Quest: And you continued to masturbate for Keith?

Librarian: Until he got a job abroad. But that's another story.

Quest: Thank you.

> **'As I posed in suspenders and French knickers I suddenly saw the effect it was having on Jerome'**

PERSONAL FILE
Name....Withheld
Sex.....Female
Age....29 years
Town of Origin....
Chester
Other details....This
attractive blonde
interviewee is a buyer for a
etail chain. She married at
3 and was divorced two
ears later.

Quest: How would you describe men's attitudes to female masturbation?

Buyer: How about 'confused'! No, that's unfair. I'd say it depends as much on the relationship as the man. To some men the idea of a woman playing with herself in front of them is the ultimate wet dream. To others, it's a slur on their manhood: how come she needs to do *that*, when *I*'m around? I must say I find that a bit tedious.

Quest: You've had experience of both?

Buyer: My ex-husband was very into the wet dream side of it, at least to begin with.

Quest: How exactly?

Buyer: Jerome was a designer. He loved the idea of women feeling so sexy in clothes he'd designed they couldn't help turning themselves on.

Quest: How did you meet?

Buyer: I was a fashion design student. During the summer we got temporary jobs in the business, for work experience as well as cash. When I was 20 I got a job with Jerome's firm. It was a very small fashion house, doing reasonably well, hoping for the big time. Jerome was 34 then — small and dark and chunky; I was actually about an inch taller than him in my stockinged feet. He was very focussed on his work, which I find attractive, anyway. I went for him in quite a big way.

Quest: How did he react?

Buyer: Hardly at all, at first, and then only through work. He liked to work late, so I used to stay on and help — just getting things for him. Then he noticed I'm quite tall and slim, and asked me to do some modelling — just to try out ideas. I also happened to be much cheaper than a professional! That's how we got started. I thought that if standing around in my underwear didn't get him going, nothing would.

Quest: Did it work?

Buyer: It took two sessions, and an order from the States, but yes! The first time he was trying to get a range of summer dresses right. We were in Jerome's studio, and I could change in a little store room to one side, but the studio had windows onto the main workshop, so we were in full view most of the time. Jerome's head cutter, a woman in her forties, was with us, too. For some reason I'd thought Jerome wouldn't want me till everyone else had gone, so I'd deliberately put on my prettiest bra and pants, which were a bit more revealing than I'd have chosen otherwise.

Quest: Did he notice?

Buyer: I was more worried about everybody else. Jerome was his usual busy self, pinning and tucking away like a mad thing. Eventually it got to six, and the cutter and the others went, but Jerome was still going strong. Finally he wanted to try a new, semi-formal dress, which was virtually backless. You had to wear a special bra if you didn't want the straps to show. Of course, I didn't have one. 'Oh, just pull your bra off; it can be worn without,' Jerome said, completely matter-of-factly.

Quest: Did you?

Buyer: I did say, 'You mean, here?' He said. 'Sure,' and didn't even look up. So I slipped off what I had on, turned my back and took off my bra, holding my arm over my boobs. Meanwhile Jerome had got the new dress, and helped me pull it over my head. When he saw how I held my arm, he grinned and asked what I was doing. I blushed to my roots, and said I was being modest. He just laughed. 'Don't be silly,' he said. 'This is work.' He pushed my arm away, and pulled the dress straght down. But I knew he'd seen my bare boobs, because he grinned again and said very quickly, 'They're the *last* thing you need to be modest about.' I really thought he'd make a pass then, but he just ploughed straight back to work — then suggested I took the dress off in the storeroom 'for modesty's sake.' He didn't even offer me a lift home. I could have killed him!

Quest: But the second time was different?

Buyer: It was a Bank Holiday. Jerome didn't believe in holidays. He asked me to come in for the afternoon, because of something he had to finish. In fact, he was waiting for a call from an American buyer. I only went because he said it would be a personal favour to him. I put on nice undies again, but he was only looking at very boring twinsets; I didn't even have to take my blouse off. Then, about four, the call arrived. Jerome had made his first American sale. He was ecstatic — I'd never seen him so happy. After he'd called his partner, he insisted we celebrated straightaway. He dug some sparkling wine out of a cupboard, and poured it into some plastic cups. Then he talked for ages, with incredible enthusiasm, all about the business and his plans. Seeing him like that, I don't think I'd ever fancied him more. And, as it got later, and he drank more, he got more amorous.

Quest: In what way?

Buyer: He asked me if he'd embarrassed me by asking me to take off my bra. I said, not really, though I wouldn't have done it for anyone else, which made him perk up. Then he asked me if I liked wearing sexy clothes. I said it depended on where I was, and who I was with. Then he grinned, got up, went into the storeroom and came back with some clothes I hadn't seen before. He said they were part of an order for a naughty range they'd done for a mail order firm years ago. He'd kept a few because he'd thought they were fun. He wondered what I thought of them.

Quest: What did you think?

Buyer: The design was fairly traditional 'naughty' wear — there was a semi-see-through blouse, a French knicker set, a kind of black, silky cocktail dress-cum-slip, very short with a low front, thin shoulder straps. Jerome asked me if I'd wear anything like that. I thought he was just teasing, so I said, 'Sure, for the right person.' Then he picked up the black dress, and said, 'Would you do it for me?' I couldn't refuse that. So I changed in the storeroom, and put on some briefs with a suspender belt and dark stockings, and the dress over the top. Because of my height it barely covered my bum. There was no room for a bra, and the material really clung to my boobs. I'm not that booby, but it really gave me some decent cleavage. When I saw myself in the mirror, I nearly panicked! I looked like something in a brothel. I was too embarrassed to come out. When I told Jerome he roared with laughter, and came in. 'What are you worrying about?' he said. 'You look gorgeous. Here, move around. Give us a nice, sexy walk.' I felt ridiculous, but I did it, just moving up and down in front of the racks. I couldn't move too fast or the dress would be over my bottom. Then Jerome cried, 'Wait! I know what's missing!' And dashed out into the workshop. Then I heard music. He came back into the office with a

PLEASURE BOUND 0898 886 472 HOT GIRLS 0898 886 478 FOR MALE MAIDS 0898 886 479

RAW SEX! ON 0898 886 431

GIRL TEASE! DARE U DIAL: (BE WARNED! THIS LINE CONTAINS EXTREMELY EXPLICIT AND SHOCKING SEXUAL INFORMATION) 0898 886 432

OLDER WOMAN WANTS SEX 0898 886 473

horny&hot4u 0898 886 470

wear my panties!!! 0898 886 433

0898 886 474 FOR DOMINANT GIRLS

MPC/MF/1/A

SEX CLUB XX 0898 886 440
DO IT FOR ME 0898 886 441
I'LL BEND OVER 0898 886 442

GIRLIE FUN! 0898 886 466

T.V. FANTASIES dress up 'n' tune in! 0898 886 443

hot'n'ready 0898 886 467

Leather talk on 0898 886 444 High heels on 0898 886 445 Miss Spank! on 0898 886 446

gym mistress is after you; dial now! 0898 886 447

ABSOLUTELY ADULTS ONLY!!!

My wife is willing! on 0898 886 456
Let my wife tell you about her secret lovers 0898 886 457
I'm ready for you now! Give it to me 0898 886 458
I've been bad... 0898 886 459
Play with me?! 0898 886 460
Bad behaviour 0898 886 461

TAKE THAT! 0898 886 434
MAID FOR HIRE! 0898 886 435
HANDS OFF! 0898 886 436
HARD LESSONS 0898 886 437

restrained pleasures... 0898 886 448

MME STERN~ 0898 886 469

THROUGH THE KEY HOLE; SEXY SECRETS! 0898 886 462

T.V.HOT LINE0898 886 468

STAND & DELIVER! 0898 886 449

spanking FUN ON 0898 886 438

OVER YOUR KNEE 0898 886 450

FRENCH SPECIAL! 0898 886 463
DOUBLE DELIGHT! 0898 886 464

WARNING!THESE LINES CONTAIN HIGHLY EXPLICIT AND SHOCKING SEXUAL ADVENTURES AND INFORMATION~ FOR ADULTS ONLY~STRICTLY!

size 10 stilettos 0898 886 439

helping hand 0898 886 476 hot XXX~ chat 0898 886 477

"My secretary's secret urges!" 0898 886 451

Strict Mistress 0898 886 471

Sally and Carol! on 0898 886 452

MARIE & HEATHER do it together on 0898 886 454

teach me a lesson please! 0898 886 479

xxx~rated! Adult Action! 0898 886 453

Naughty nympho 0898 886 455

RANDY & READY! 0898 886 465

Mistress

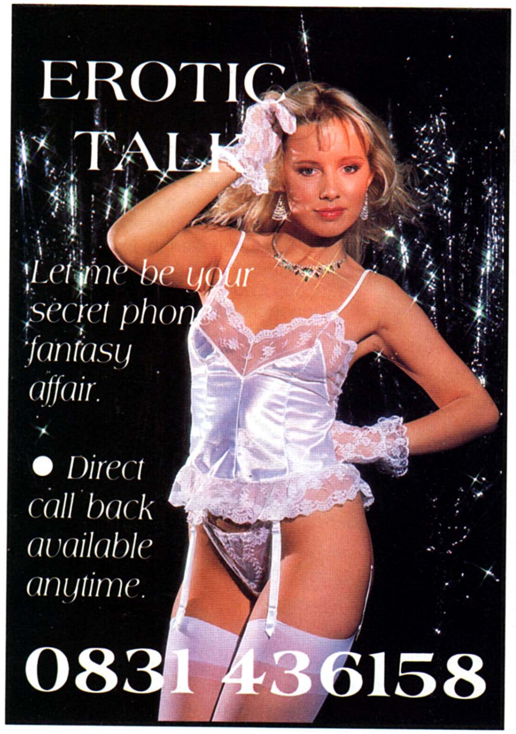
Phone
Company,
P.O.Box 272
London, SW11.
Calls are charged
at 33p per min. cheap
rate, 44p all other times.

THE LEGEND IN LIGHTS

CAMEL
LIGHTS
20
LOW TAR
CAMEL TASTE
CAMEL
CAMEL
LIGHTS

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government
Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE HEART DISEASE

Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

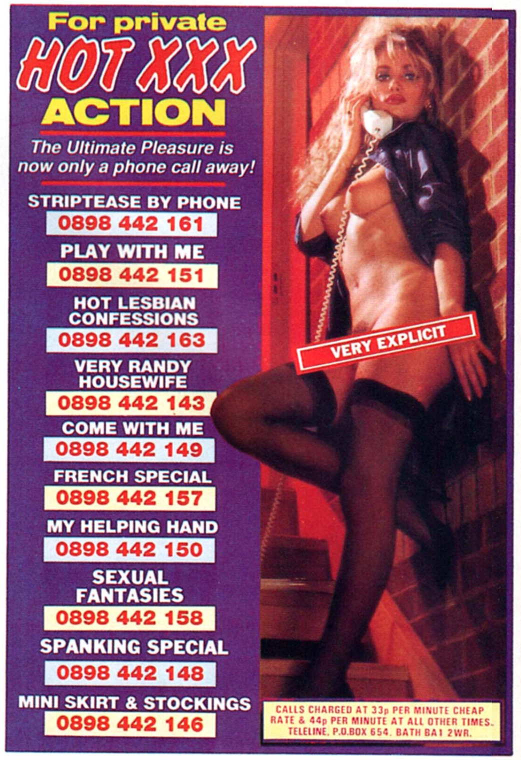


EROTIC TALK

Let me be your secret phone fantasy affair.

- Direct call back available anytime.

0831 436158



For private
HOT XXX ACTION

The Ultimate Pleasure is now only a phone call away!

STRIPTEASE BY PHONE
0898 442 161

PLAY WITH ME
0898 442 151

HOT LESBIAN CONFESSIONS
0898 442 163

VERY RANDY HOUSEWIFE
0898 442 143

COME WITH ME
0898 442 149

FRENCH SPECIAL
0898 442 157

MY HELPING HAND
0898 442 150

SEXUAL FANTASIES
0898 442 158

SPANKING SPECIAL
0898 442 148

MINI SKIRT & STOCKINGS
0898 442 146

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
TELELINE, P.O.BOX 654, BATH BA1 2WR.

MY WIFE WANTS SEX 0836 400 812

PINK★ CHEEKS 0836 400 808

READERS SEX CONFESSIONS 0836 400 700

RANDY HOUSEWIFE WANTS SEX 0836 400 765

BAD GIRL LOVES TO BE PUNISHED 0836 400 734

2 HORNY GIRLS 0836 400 960

ON ALL FOURS 0836 400 886

OLDER WOMAN NEEDS SER VICE 0836 400 976

DEBEE ASHBY MY FIRST TIME 0836 400 732

HEATHER & MARIE 0836 400 979

I'LL BEND OVER 0836 400 766

FEMALE ORGASM HOW TO ACHIEVE IT 0836 400 968

NO BRA-NO P ANTIES 0836 400 814

LESBIAN LOVE PLAY 0836 400 777

18 YR OLD WITH BIG BREASTS 0836 400 880

PREMATURE EJACULATION THE CURE 0836 400 951

LATE ★ NIGHT ADULTS ONLY ★

SEX CLUB AFTER 9PM 0836 400 850

CLIMAX CLUB AFTER 12AM 0836 400 826

XXX-RATED AFTER 2AM 0836 400 821

CALLS CHARGED 33P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 44P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W1

Valentine's Bedside Delights

Your Invitation to the Sexual Adventure of a Lifetime!

Sensual Persuaders • Illustrated Books and Magazines • Exotic Creams and Lotions • Vibro Exciters • Personal Satisfiers . . . And Much Much More!!!

Order With Confidence . . . Over 15 years of Reliable, Efficient Service • Money Back Guarantee If Not Totally Satisfied • All Orders Discreetly Packaged • Your Name and Address Will Be Kept Totally Confidential

Creams & Lotions

1 **AMBUSH** — Sexual Attractant laced with pheromones . . . a concentrated formula that will make beautiful women go wild with desire! Code 12377. JUST £14.95.

2 **MR. BIG** — Maximize your penis potential with this amazing erection cream. Just a dab does the job! Code 06024 £4.75.

3 **P6 SUPER** — Valentine's ALL NEW Revolutionary Men's Cologne Spray with pheromones is sure to change your sex life! Code 14860 £14.95.

4 **STA-HARD** — This special cream helps you keep going for sexual marathons. Code 08409 £4.95.

5 **CLIMAX** — Specially formulated to feel like a woman's natural juices. Long-lasting and sensual lubricant. Code 14894 £7.95.

6 **TASTY LOVIN** — This new hot, lickable love lotion actually heats up when you blow on it! Code 15198 £6.95.

7 **OIL OF LOVE** — The all-new sensuously slippery massage oil that will enhance your marathon love-making sessions. Code 14697 £7.95.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
STA-HARD
PROBE
CLIMAX
Tasty Lovin
SUPER GLIDE
Slippery Stuff
SLIK
maintain
ENDROS

8 **SUPER GLIDE** — This slippery, wet and WILD lubricant will never lose its Slide. Comes in an 8 oz. bottle. Code 22674 Only £7.75.

9 **SLIPPERY STUFF** — Luxurious water-based lubricant specially formulated for long-lasting lubrication. 8 FL. Oz. Code 10926. Only £9.95.

10 **PROBE SEX LUBE** — Remarkably slippery and sensuous lubricant designed to stay wet — utterly delightful! Code 24380 £9.95.

11 **JOY JELLY** — A sensual fruit-flavored body gel that glides onto her skin easily and smoothly. Code 08276 £4.50.

12 **MAINTAIN** — The new, unique delay formula that will show her you're the best, and the hardest lover she's ever had. Code 20080 £8.95.

13 **SLIK** — It's no ordinary lubricant, Slik stays slippery until removed. A Little goes a long way! Full 4 ozs. Code 12394 £6.95.

14 **MAXIMUS** — Maximize your penis potential with this amazing cream . . . she'll never know how you keep going! Code 08575 £5.25.

15 **SLIP** — For smooth, gentle entry this amazing sexual lubricant is made to perform like a woman's natural lubrication. Code 13177 £4.95.

16 **ENDROS** — attracts girls like an aromatic magnet! One whiff of this magical cologne will have them writhing with desire! FULL 2 Fl. Oz. Code 00475 £9.75.

Specialty VIBROS

- **10" Vibro** — An astonishing naturally contoured and detailed 10" latex vibe that is guaranteed to provide deep body-quivering pulsations. Code 05536 £12.25.
- **Mr. Softee** — Firm, yet supple, a new "rubber-like" material gives Mr. Softee an incredibly lifelike feel. Regular Code 12276 £8.95. Vibrating Model Code 12287 £12.95.
- **Ebony Fill 'Er Up** — This fantastic ebony pleaser is 8" long, 2" thick with a realistic latex vibrating shaft. Code 11776 £15.95.
- **The 8" Realistic** — So real and so lifelike she'll never know the difference! Individually handcrafted using a revolutionary new material that both reproduces every wrinkle and pore, and a feel so lifelike to the touch. Regular Code 14597 £32.95. Vibrating Model Code 22180 £39.95.
- **Superslick** — Made of a super, slick plastic coating, this 7" naturally-shaped vibrator will drive her wild. Code 15391 £9.95.
- **Thoroughbred Vibe** — Made of a high quality plastic, this 7" Super Deluxe vibe has a multi speed control and is supplied with batteries. Code 22160 £6.75.
- **Kong Dong** — A staggering 14" long, 3" thick latex variable speed vibe. Let's face it — bigger is better — and this is the biggest! Code 11665 £23.95.
- **Jelli Vibe** — At last a vibrator with all the features you love best! Soft, Fleshlike, Flexible, this multi speed vibe is just irresistible. Code 15668 £12.95.
- **Hot Stud** — Vibrates, thrusts, rotates its head, and best of all . . . gets hot to the touch for warm and wild action. Code 08453 £29.95.
- **Silky Smooth Vibe** — A discreet slick and smooth 5" companion for unbelievable orgasmic pleasure, with a sensuous pink finish. Code 22520 £5.95.

Personal SATISFIERS

- **Extasx** — A unique pleasure giver that provides triple action pumping, gripping, vibrating delights. Code 07123 £19.95.
- **Lovely Linda** — A super lifelike inflatable latex doll that's always willing and ready. Code 06445 £23.95.
- **Deep Delight**—Warm, Wet, and Willing, this unique pleasure sleeve has a sensational flesh-like feel and a firm lasting grip. Complete with variable speed control and FREE lubricant. Code 15265 £29.95.
- **Real Feel** — A vibrating sleeve that is so REAL . . . so incredibly SOFT and MOIST that you'll think you're in heaven! Just remarkable! Code 05433 £49.95.
- **Wonder Doll** — For The Connoisseur Only! A superb high quality latex doll that will hold up to 250 lbs. Over 5' tall with scented lifelike skin. Code 24200 £59.95.
- **Pink Lady** — A soft, supple pink latex satisfier with unique inner ribbed lips that will bring you to new heights of sexual satisfaction. Code 14052 £24.95.

Kingsize
The Ultimate Erotic Obsession
If you like breasts by the bouncing armful, unfettered by bras, surrounded by satin, lace and frills, then this is the big-tit mag for you! Code 17660 £6.50.

Shaved
This all-new US hot mag is a must for the guys who like it soft and smooth. Totally uncensored with explicit candid photos. Code 24560 £6.50.

LATIN BABES

Latin Babes
Page after page of Latin Lovelies
A full-size 44 page masterpiece of the juiciest, loveliest dark Latin thighs you'll ever find. Packed full of close-up uncensored photos in both colour and black and white. Code 27120 £5.95.

Sweet Starlets

Sweet Starlets
Jam-packed with gorgeous young starlets eager to show their firm breasts and juicy thighs. Your imagination will run wild as you ponder every page of these sensuous inviting beauties. Code 29200 £6.50.

Black & Beautiful

Black & Beautiful
Page after page of ebony silky-skinned beauties with luscious breasts and percolating thighs. Our willing lovelies bare all in this 44-page uncensored masterpiece of ebony flesh. Code 29400 £6.50.

Become A Better Lover • How To Meet Girls Without Really Trying • How To Win With Women –
These easy to read, easy to use guides will tell you how to meet and sleep with the women of your dreams and more! This powerful book trio will teach you how to WIN A WOMAN'S MIND; HOW TO MEET GIRLS EASILY; HOW TO TURN A WOMAN ON and much much more! Don't miss this sensational offer. Code 15099 £29.95.

Legs Legs Legs

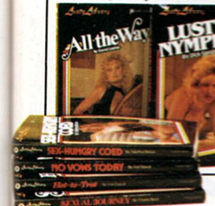
Legs, Legs, Legs
A whole feast of lovely legs to wrap yourself up in. Packed with uncensored candid photos of luscious blondes and brunettes with delectable legs and thighs. Code 24720 £6.50.

Penis Book (Not Shown)
Dr. Dick Richards says, "You can make yours bigger in just 6 weeks". Read the myths and facts about penis enlargement in this all new ILLUSTRATED edition. Code 03189 £7.50.

FREE Catalogue of Erotica and Free Gift Coupon With Every Order!

Super Hot SEX NOVELS

This 6-book "steamy" set of classics will make your bookshelves smoke. Rare, uncensored, totally wild and white hot, they waste no time in getting straight to feverish, pounding action! These All-New US Imports are perfect for late night stimulating reading! Code 12976 £23.95.



ENDROS

The Biological "Secret Weapon" Women Can't Resist!

ENDROS
FOR MEN
NEW YORK · LONDON · TORONTO

From the first whiff of this magical men's cologne, the special pheromone ingredient will get her vital juices flowing! Pheromone is the scent given off by man during lust that both attracts and excites his female partner. You just cannot get this amazing seduction potion anywhere else . . . so send for yours today. 2 fl. oz. Code 00475 £9.75.

Valentine Products (M.O.) Ltd., PO Box 63, Feltham, Middx TW13 7QN

Please rush me the items listed below. I have enclosed my cheque or postal order plus 60p per item to cover postage and handling. My order will arrive discreetly packaged and I may return it within 14 days for a refund or credit note or replacement if not totally satisfied. Overseas orders welcome — please add 20% to cover postage & handling costs. Please enclose my FREE catalogue and enter my name for all future issues.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY

NAME____________________

SIGNATURE____________________
(I am over 18 years of age)

ADDRESS____________________

____

__________POSTCODE__________

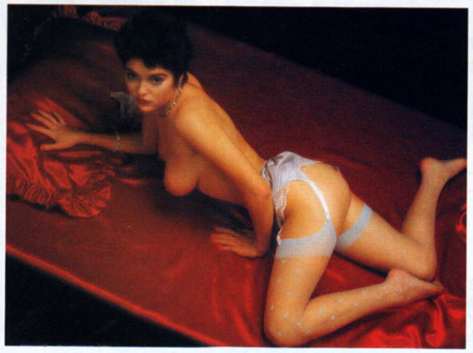
MAP

CODE	PRICE	P&H	TOTAL
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
TOTAL ENCLOSED = £			

48 pages of the LATEST and BEST in the World of Erotica

The Bedside Companion

X X X
RATED FANTASY
CALL RACHEL
FOR MIND BLOWING EXCITEMENT



LIVE CALL BACK
0831 431416

FREE FULL COLOUR POSTER WITH FIRST 500 ORDERS

LAZER
VHS
VIDEOS
HIGH QUALITY EROTIC ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
£20 EACH OR 3 FOR £50 INC. P&P
Extra £2.00 on non U.K. orders
Two titles on 1 hr tape
NEW RELEASES!

1 Helen gets the hots in the kitchen
Tracey & Sharon get it on
2 Gabriella the ultimate sex machine
Mandy, Naughty Secretary
3 Bridgette. Sexy cleaner gets dirty
Helina glamgirl does it herself
4 All three at special price

PLEASE ENCLOSE CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER PAYABLE TO: INSITE PRODUCTIONS, P.O.BOX 1154, MARLBOROUGH, WILTSHIRE, SN8 1VY.

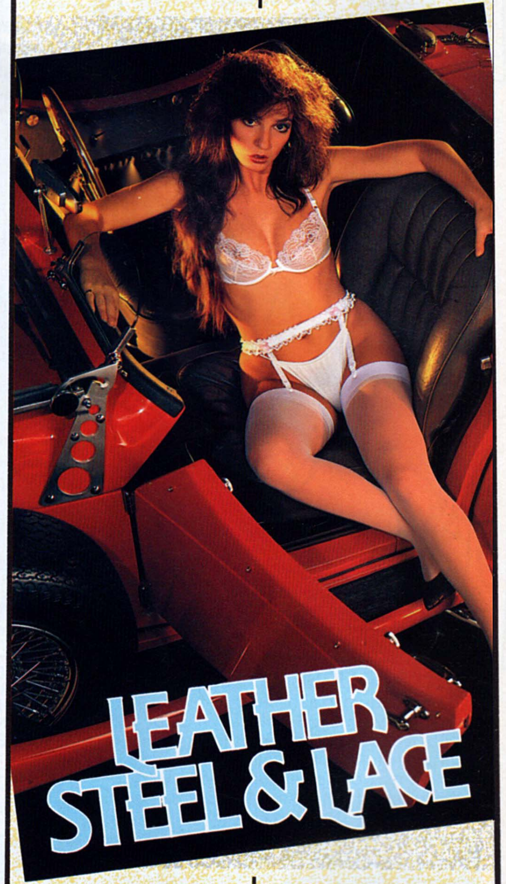
Name ______ (I am over 18 years of age).
Address ______

1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ PLEASE TICK VIDEOS REQUIRED

M

HURRY POST THE COUPON NOW

Hot & Horny 0898 300 866	**Adult Lessons** 0898 100 490
Secret Orgies 0898 100 466	**Girls on Girls** 0898 300 868
Nineteen & Randy 0898 700 310	**Sizzling Climax** 0898 100 492



Older Women Together 0898 700 313	**Girls Naughty Nights** 0898 100 424
Cheeky Leather Action 0898 700 317	**Swedish Sex Lessons** 0898 100 427
Hot Tongue Special 0898 100 497	**Topless Fantasies** 0898 100 431

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. TELELINE, P.O. BOX 654, BATH BA1 2WR.

PLEASURE LOADED SEX TOYS
TO TAKE YOU ALL THE WAY
AT PRICES REDUCED TO MAKE YOUR DAY
Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

The Ultimate Fun Gift & Stag Night Present!!!
LIFE SIZE
inflatable DOLL just £19.95

- You've seen them on TV, you've heard about them — Here's your chance to own or give a lifesize Doll. Complete with boobs and all the other important intimate parts.
- Blow her up, dress her up, take her to a party, give her to a friend.
- She won't complain, because she never gets a headache and never says No!
- A delectable moulded inflatable lady shaped to please, busty, lusty and a lot of fun.

FREE
SMOOTH AS SILK VIBRATOR
WHEN YOU BUY OUR FULL COLOUR SEX TOYS CATALOGUE FOR ONLY £2.50 THATS 1/2 Price

City Trading Ltd., Reg. Office 547 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex. Reg. No. 2174586.

☎ SEX TOY hear the slow buzz of my Vibro & the panting of my pleasure on 0898 886 419
(33p per minute cheap rate, 44p at all other times).

UP & DOWNER
Has the real latex look and feel. Switch it on and it goes up and down all on its own! Producing a multi-orgasmic spiral of satisfaction. Multi-speed control
Was ~~£13.95~~
NOW ONLY £6.95

BEDSIDE COMPANION
A magnificent beast with six very different heads to please and pleasure. It's the perfect tool for all the excitement zones — multi-speed control. Batteries included.
Was ~~£13.95~~
REDUCED TO £6.95

VIBRO MASSAGER
MULTI-HEADER, VARIABLE SPEED
A high quality shaped vibrator kit for your body's pleasure. The four multi-purpose heads are designed to take you to the heights of ecstasy and keep you there.
Batteries included.
~~£14.95~~
CUT PRICE OFFER ONLY £5·95

☎ CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE
081 534 8855 (24Hrs)

CALLERS WELCOME Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd. Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. *(off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscar **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP16

MAIL ORDER PRIORITY FORM
Please despatch to me, under plain cover, the items I have indicated below.
I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ ______ make cheques payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse.
☐ INFLATABLE DOLL £19.95
☐ CATALOGUE & FREE VIBRO £2.50
☐ UP & DOWNER £6.95
☐ BEDSIDE COMPANION £6.95
☐ MASSAGER SET £5.95
Name ______
Address ______
______
______ Postcode ______
I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18 ______ Signed
PRIVATE LINES (Dept MF), 627 Forest Road,
Walthamstow, London E17 4NE
1352

PHONE THE UK's SEXIEST GIRLS !!

SEX PARTY 0836 404 832

DEEP DELIGHT	0836 402 694
HOT ACTION	0836 404 833
MY SEX TOYS	0836 405 897
3 BUSTY WIVES	0836 404 795

SPANKING FUN 0836 402 696
HOT PLEASURES 0836 405 896
PLAY WITH ME 0836 404 794
HOT LESBIANS 0836 402 697

GIRLS ON GIRLS	0836 405 876
HUGE BREASTS	0836 404 792
UP MY SKIRT	0836 402 698
RIPE & READY	0836 405 874
GYM MISTRESS	0836 404 790
ON THE JOB	0836 402 699
HOT DAMP ACTION	0836 405 872
DANISH DIY	0836 402 791
RUBBER & LACE	0836 405 859
2 GIRL ACTION	0836 404 787
LICK MY LIPS	0836 402 794
SATISFY MY WIFE	0836 405 856
SAUNA SEX	0836 404 783
EROTIC SOUNDS	0836 402 695

WHAT I DESERVE	0836 402 792
MY HUSBAND WATCHES	0836 405 848
SPANK MY WIFE HARD	0836 404 820
MOUNTING PLEASURES	0836 402 793
WET OLDER WOMAN	0836 405 845
HOUSEWIVES ORGY	0836 404 816
LESBIAN LINGERIE PARTY	0836 404 799

STROKE ME 0836 402 596

I NEED IT NOW !! 0836 405 843

Calls charged at 33p per min cheap rate 44p all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 24 TW8 9ES

POSITIVELY SEXUAL!

2 BOOKS THAT SAY IT ALL, EXPLAIN IT ALL, SHOW IT ALL

KAMA SUTRA - THE VIDEO featuring **'Language of love'** The most explicit, sensual, detailed sex video that shows the sex action as it really happens. Even if you know it all this video will excite every sense in your body.
WAS ~~£29.95~~ NOW ONLY £14.95

KAMA SUTRA
The Language of Love

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED
BY DR. WALTER BRAUN
CLINICALLY ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 200 EXPLICIT PHOTOS !
INCLUDING 34 REVEALING COLOR PAGES!

LIVE SEX ACTION
Just phone and listen to the fun
0898 442 836

EXPLICIT LIVE GROUP SEX ACTION
Swedish style Action
0898 442 051

SEX ON CALL
It's the Sex Special Line
0898 442 834

33p Per Minute Cheap Rate. 44p at all other times.

The Illustrated KAMA SUTRA

TAKE BOTH BOOKS FOR JUST £17.95 inc. p&p

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED

A frank, down to earth Adult Book for both men and women. Graphically illustrated with over 200 photographs that provide simple to follow instructions on right positions, how to get there and how to get the most out of sex, includes oral sex.
WAS ~~£15.~~ NOW ONLY £11.95 inc. p&p.

☎ **CREDIT CARD ORDER PHONE LINE 081-534 8855 (24hrs)**

THE KAMA SUTRA

The most renowned sex manual in the world, covering the erotic arts of lovemaking from the first smile, through seduction and foreplay, to passionate consummation.
Fully Illustrated with OVER 100 superb colour photographs, depicting the various positions designed to give both partners maximum pleasure.
WAS ~~£15.~~ NOW ONLY £11.95 inc. p&p.

WARNING: These adult books and videos contain pictures and text of an extremely explicit nature. If this is likely to cause offence please do not purchase. All books will be sent under a plain package.

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.

HOW TO ORDER:
1. Callers Welcome at Retail Outlets. (Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm. Fri 8pm)
2. Order by Post using the Coupon.

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd. (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3:Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *58 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON** (East) 627 Forest Rd. Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 256b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. *(off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscar **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Dundie Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.
SP15

Additional Stockist: Shape-Up-Shop, 67 Endell St., Covent Garden London WC2

Private Lines Dept(MF), 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE.
Please send me the items I have indicated by return under plain cover:
☐ THE KAMA SUTRA BOOK @ £11.95 inc. p&p
☐ INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED BOOK @ £11.95 inc. p&p
☐ SAVE! BUY BOTH BOOKS FOR ONLY £17.95 inc p&p.
☐ KAMA SUTRA VIDEO @ £14.95 inc p&p ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
I enclose cheque/PO for £______ payable to M.O. Division.
(If paying by cheque please add address to reverse)
Name ________________
Address ________________
________________ Postcode ________
I am aware of the nature of these products and undertake not to show them to minors.
I am over 18 ________________ Signed.

City Trading Limited, Reg. Office, 547 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex Reg. No: 2174586

ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE MR PATRICK 081-519 5736

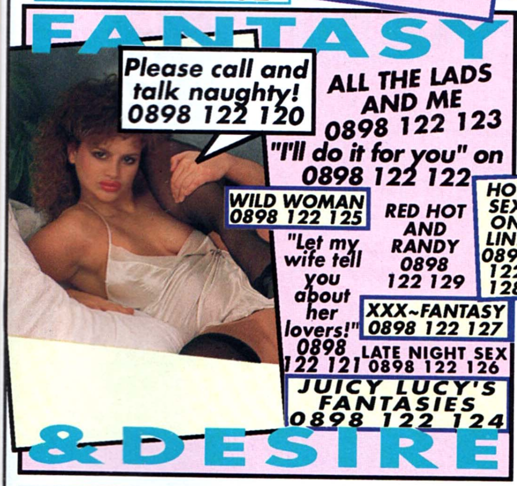
LEATHER FETISH 0898 700 312
42DD WAITING TO PLEASE 0898 700 318
RIPE & READY 0898 700 327
I'M WAITING FOR IT 0898 100 406
MOUTHY NYMPHOS IN ACTION 0898 100 429
I'LL TAKE MY HAND TO YOU! 0898 100 425
CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. TELELINE, P.O. BOX 654, BATH BA1 2WR.

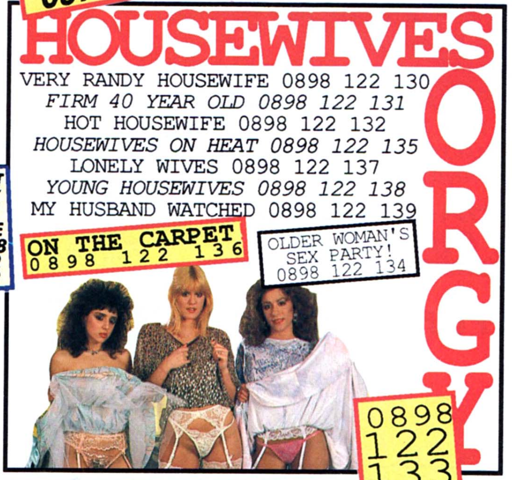
Call A Hot Number
Direct Call Back
0836 686177

LIFT MY SKIRT 0836 404 484
LONELY WIFE 0836 404 448
No Bra No Knickers 0836 404 459
MAKE BETTER LOVE 0836 404 449
SPANK ME PLEASE 0836 404 455
LESBIAN CONFESSIONS 0836 404 457
Striptease Session 0836 404 487
MY WIFE IS WILLING 0836 404 451
3 GIRL ACTION 0836 404 460
CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 33P CHEAP RATE 44P ALL OTHER TIMES TPC PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1
SEXY 19 YR OLD 0836 404 492
IN MY UNDIES 0836 404 483
TALK SEXY TO ME 0836 404 493
HOT & HORNY 0836 404 482
UNCLIP MY BRA 0836 404 464
FIRM 40 YR OLD 0836 404 486
BIG Breasts Pert Bottom 0836 404 456
Black Silk Panties 0836 404 469
Over the Desk 0836 404 491
BLONDE ON BLONDE 0836 404 488
LATE NIGHT SEX
After 9pm 0836 400 180
After 12am 0836 400 130
After 2am 0836 400 160

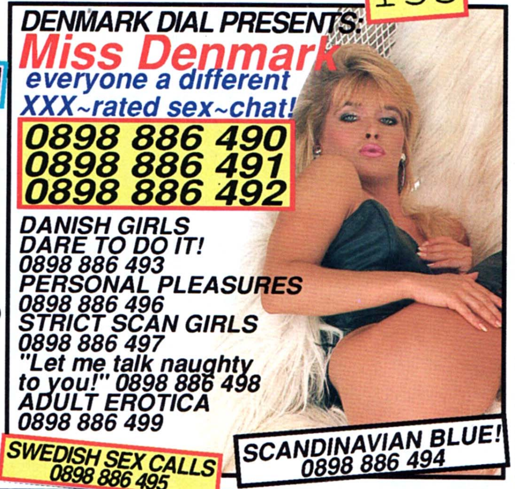
...KNICKER LINES...
caught with them down!
on 0898 122 100
frilly and skimpy on 0898 122 101
PAULA the KNICKER FLASHER! 0898 122 105
Around my ankles... 0898 122 106
G~STRING DELIGHT! 0898 122 107
"How I lost my knickers!" 0898 122 109
SHE WEARS PURE WHITE PANTIES! 0898 122 108
PANTIE PASSION! 0898 122 102
let me pull them down! 0898 122 103
WARNING: NOT FOR THE FAINT~HEARTED OR EASILY SHOCKED! STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY
pulled to one side! just for you on 0898 122 104

smudged lipstick 0898 122 118
LESBIAN CONFESSIONS 0898 122 115
act your wildest fantasy! 0898 122 112
OVER 21'S ONLY 0898 122 111
HORNY SISTERS 0898 122 114
hot lips!
GIVE IT TO ME! 0898 122 116
UP MY SKIRT 0898 122 110
throaty delights 0898 122 113
LET ME DO IT 2 U 0898 122 119
SIZZLING SEXPLOITS!! 0898 122 117


FANTASY & DESIRE
Please call and talk naughty! 0898 122 120
ALL THE LADS AND ME 0898 122 123
"I'll do it for you" on 0898 122 122
WILD WOMAN 0898 122 125
RED HOT AND RANDY 0898 122 129
HOT SEX ON LINE 0898 122 128
"Let my wife tell you about her lovers!" 0898 122 121
XXX~FANTASY 0898 122 127
LATE NIGHT SEX 0898 122 126
JUICY LUCY'S FANTASIES 0898 122 124


HOUSEWIVES ORGY
VERY RANDY HOUSEWIFE 0898 122 130
FIRM 40 YEAR OLD 0898 122 131
HOT HOUSEWIFE 0898 122 132
HOUSEWIVES ON HEAT 0898 122 135
LONELY WIVES 0898 122 137
YOUNG HOUSEWIVES 0898 122 138
MY HUSBAND WATCHED 0898 122 139
ON THE CARPET 0898 122 136
OLDER WOMAN'S SEX PARTY! 0898 122 134
0898 122 133

BIG BOOBS SPECIAL!
0898 122 147
LUSCIOUS BOOBS! 0898 122 140
BIG BREAST BONANZA! 0898 122 141
BIG BREASTS, PERT BOTTOM! 0898 122 143
HUGE BREASTS! 0898 122 145
RIPE AND READY! 0898 122 146
BIG AND BUSTY! 0898 122 148
TIGHT SWEATER! 0898 122 149
UNCLIP MY BRA 0898 122 144
no bra, no knickers! 0898 122 142
WARNING! CONTENTS EXTREMELY EXPLICIT; OVER 18'S ONLY!


DENMARK DIAL PRESENTS:
Miss Denmark
everyone a different XXX~rated sex~chat!
0898 886 490
0898 886 491
0898 886 492
DANISH GIRLS DARE TO DO IT! 0898 886 493
PERSONAL PLEASURES 0898 886 496
STRICT SCAN GIRLS 0898 886 497
"Let me talk naughty to you!" 0898 886 498
ADULT EROTICA 0898 886 499
SWEDISH SEX CALLS 0898 886 495
SCANDINAVIAN BLUE! 0898 886 494

DENMARK DIAL, P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS ARE CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. 10049/3/A

LETTERS

continued from page 8

always tried to outdo each other with daring and sometimes dangerous rides.

I remember on many an occasion speeding down at an ever increasing speed with my friends in hot pursuit. Sometimes I sped down the hill so fast my feet would buckle on the wooden steering column, and I would veer off sharply into a grassy ditch to a crescendo of cheers from my rivals.

On other occasions the weather was so hot, I could see the tarmac melting in front of me in a hazy blur.

Luckily we lived in a country village, so the road we raced on was pretty deserted most of the time.

I dread to think what might have happened if I had careered into an oncoming car. The most I worried about at that age was grazed knees and being beaten. But I suppose that was the beauty of my childhood — you never took notice of the dangers because you were too busy having fun.

Five years later, you hardly saw a soap box racer. They were overtaken by skateboards. Remember them!

DJ, Warwickshire

Sensual memory

As one of your female readers, I must congratulate you on your set of Sara Jenkins in Vol. 25 No. 12. It reminded me of something that happened to me when I worked as a door-to-door saleswoman two years ago.

I knocked on one door, and was greeted by a beautiful lady not dissimilar to Sara. Her cheeks were flushed, and she had obviously been up to something saucy before I arrived.

She invited me in, and there were noises coming from the television set. When I walked into the room a blue film was still playing and a coloured gent was just about to use his manhood to good effect on a very attractive blonde. Jenny (name changed) moved across to the remote to turn off the film, but I was intrigued, and asked if I could watch. She agreed and we sat down on the sofa together.

The sight of this guy was really starting to turn me on, and it came as no surprise when I started feeling a hand moving up my thigh. I turned my face away from the screen and kissed Jenny full on the lips, and was delighted when her fingers found my spot, and slipped one and then two fingers into me. I started to undo the buttons on her blouse, and pulled her boobs out before running my tongue over her nipples.

We pulled apart briefly to finish undressing. Jenny taking my blouse and skirt off to reveal my stockings, and I to do the same. Her figure looked good in waspie and black stockings.

We moved into the 69 position, and I started to explore her with my tongue, darting it in and out while all the time Jenny was doing likewise. It was not long before we both came together in a wave of orgasms.

I did not complete my round of knocking on doors that afternoon as I spent the rest of the day and night with Jenny.

I must point out that I am not a lesbian, and after that one day I have never been with another woman, but the sight of Sara's delicious body brought it all flooding back.

AP, Lancashire

Dolly good show

Well, doggie, us good old boys up here in Hull, a real Country and Western town, have always had us a hankering to get us a look see at Dolly Parton's double whammies. Well we certainly found us a stirring in our vittles when we saw your spread of Julia Parton, ever-loving cousin of the Big D, herself in your Christmas number (Vol 25 No 12).

It may not have been as good as saying 'hello' to Dolly's, but it sure beat having a half-starved muskrat stuffed down your breeches, if you know what we mean (*Eh . . . no, not exactly, Ed*).

So, seeing we've just dropped by to say 'howdy', we thought we'd take the darned liberty to make a few suggestions for your hot tootin' magazine. How about featuring a series on Country and Western women? We're sure that the likes of *The Judds* and Tammy Wynette would increase your sales — after all who could resist a flash of Tammy's mammaries or *The Judd's* jugs? Y'all come back now, y'hear!

Tom, Dean & Bobs, Hull

Currying favour?

I saw the following sign on the back of a van on the M25 recently. I thought it might tickle you, too. PATEL & PATEL BUILDING CONTRACTORS 'You've had the cowboys. Now try the Indians.'

MW, Woking

HAVE YOU SEEN BEST OF MAYFAIR NO 10?

You should have. It contains 16 of the most gorgeous girls you've asked to see again, including Page Three favourites Gail Thackray and Nina Pickersgill, and international gymnast Lynette Gordon. And that's not to forget a selection of the finest features, fiction and funnies from the past decade. *Best of Mayfair No. 10* costs just £2.50 at your newsagent, or order it direct from us with our other collectors' issues.

Please send me:
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 10* (£3.35 inc p&p) Name . . . .
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 9* (£3.35 inc p&p) . . . .
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 8* (£3.00 inc p&p) Address . . . .
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 6* (£3.00 inc p&p) . . . .
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 5* (£3.00 inc p&p) . . . .
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 4* (£3.00 inc p&p) . . . .
. . . . copies of *Best of Mayfair No 3* (£3.00 inc p&p) M26/11

Please make cheques payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA

SUPER SAVERS SEX AIDS

SUPERIA

WE AIM TO PLEASE

1st CLASS SERVICE

1st FOR SATISFACTION

For Her

For Him

PERSONAL MASSAGERS

191	**Non-Doctor de luxe** complete with 4 heads and 3 sleeves – **top value**	**£8.50**
149	**Thruster** moves up-and-down and vibrates for added sensation	£9.45
152	**Finger & Thumb** twists and vibrates for double pleasure	£9.50
155	**Pearl Driver** exciting new sensations from rotating beaded shaft and side mounted featherlite 'flick' clitoral vibrator	£25.00
104	**De-Luxe Mini Mystique** 6" Gold Headed vibrator – fits purse or bag	£5.30
106	**Torpedo** flexible and ribbed for maximum results. 10" long	£9.25
107	**Bender** Flexible & Studded for a rough ride. 8" long	£8.00
108	**Firefly 9"** 'glowing' head vibrator – hot stuff!	£8.50
111	**Slim Stim** narrow and smooth to go anywhere – 7½" long	£3.95
117	**King Slim Stim** 9" of pleasure even longer and stronger	£5.20
116	**Silver** headed with black hand grip – 8" long	£5.75
128	**De-Luxe Gold Monster** vibrator 10" long with 5¼" circumference	£9.00
130	**10" Standard** Vibrator 4" circumference	£5.95
138	**De-Luxe 7"** Ivory Vibrator top seller – top value at	£6.45
189	**'G' Spot** vibrator – slightly flexible and curved to reach that magic spot	£9.95
730	**Duo Balls** (or Ben-Wa) for vaginal stimulation when moving	£4.95
731	**Super Soft Duo balls**	£6.45
729	**Vibrating Duo Balls** (motorised)	£8.95
779	**Butterfly** straps into the crutch for clitorial stimulation – can be worn at almost anytime	£6.95
786	**Vaginal Douche** – the very popular British made model for vaginal rinsing	£8.50

DILDO's (Prosthetics) add 'B' for black

184	**Vibrating Dildo** – 5" circumference hand held	£9.50
345	**Standard Dildo** – as 184 but non-vibrating	£7.95
345L	**Standard Dildo** 10" long (5¼" circumference)	£9.45
346	As 345 with ejaculating action	£12.45
348	As 345 but pump version	£13.00
358	**Bully Boy** dildo 10" long – 5¼" circ. with built in vibrator	£12.00
338	**Strap on Dildo** with scrotum	£17.00
339	As 338 with ejaculating action	£19.00
340	As 338 but vibrating model	£19.00
343	**Double Strap on Dildo**	£22.95
344	As 343 but vibrating model	£24.95
365	**Double Dong** 16–17 inches of double ended pleasure – very flexible	£14.50
366	As 365 but vibrating model	£16.50
505	**De-Luxe LEWDO The board game that's strictly for the very broad-minded. For two or more players**	£13.50

212	**Penis Developer** Chartham method with instructions. 'Penis Enlargement booklet and exercise cream top value – all for only	£11.70
576	**The Penis** Dr Richards best selling book on every aspect	£5.95
233	**Penis Stretch** additional aid for use with the Penis Developer	£3.25
219	**Vibrating Vagina** – when you are alone it's the next best thing	£19.95
240	**Pulsator** pump up vibrating male stimulator	£17.50
242	**Auto Comforter** – a sensational new massager with internal 'stroke' action and 'nose' vibrator	£18.95
247	**Climactor** a handy small vibrating massager with 'screw' profile	£12.95
222	**Sex Doll** blow-up plastic doll with vibrator – always willing	£25.95
262	**Latex/Vinyl Doll** as 222 but holds up to 200lb in weight	£40.00
263	**Wonder Doll** in Latex/Vinyl –has many extra features	£65.00
225	**Male Sex Doll** blow-up plastic doll with 7½" erect penis	£26.00
772	**Menfit** A specially designed ring to help men maintain an erection	£3.50
765	**Jack Strap** (Arab Strap) in soft leather for that eye-catching crutch bulge	£5.75
882B	**Posing Pouch** Wet-look Black	£3.30
885	,, ,, Leopard	£3.45
891	,, ,, Black Fishnet	£3.75
894R	,, ,, See Through Red	£3.00

CREAMS AND SPRAYS

441	**Oralube** – Banana	£2.50
442	,, Chocolate	£2.50
443	,, Strawberry	£2.50
446	**Love Lube** water based sexual lubricant 60cc bottle	£1.75
450	**Action Spray** for men	£3.25
453	**Delay Spray** for men	£3.25
457	**Pussy Cream**	£2.75
464	**TNT Cream** for men	£2.75
467	**Nipplevite**	£2.75
481	**Ginseng** Capsules	£2.50
488	**Top Stop** Cream for men	£2.75
492	**Heat Sugar**	£1.50

ANY 3 CREAMS/SPRAYS FOR ONLY £6.50

SEDUCTIVE LINGERIE
(B = black R = red)

800R	**Open Crutch Panties** Min. 85% Nylon	£1.95
810B	**Seamed Stockings** 3 quality pairs – 100% Nylon	£2.50
843B	**French Knickers** – 100% Nylon see through	£4.50
852R	**Bra & Brief Set** – 100% Nyon Open front & crutch	£7.50
866	**School Girl Uniform** (3 piece) 100% Nylon. Sizes: S/M/L	£24.00
864	**Maid Set** 100% Nylon	£16.00
865	**Nurses Uniform** – pulses rise! Body 60% Polyester/40% Nylon	£15.00
845	**Wet Look Playsuit** 80% Nylon/20% Lycra, shoestring strap and snap fastening crutch	£9.25
867	**Wet Look Playsuit** 100% Nylon, open-breasted, halter-neck and centre strap	£10.50
868	**Wet Look Micro Skirt** 100% Polyamide, wrap-over velcro variable waist size fastening	£15.25

SUPERIA SUPPLIES LTD, DEPT M3, PO BOX 424, HOVE, EAST SUSSEX, BN3 1EU
Registered in England 1675538 Established 1970
Registered Office: 9 Brunswick Street West, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1EU
NO CALLERS. All enquiries to P.O. Box No.

CONDOMS: DUREX & GERMAN BRANDS – Tick Box

Safe Play Plain	24	£4.00	☐	**ABC Double Sure**	24	£4.50	☐
Safe Play Ribbed	24	£5.00	☐	**Conture-Naturform**	24	£5.00	☐
Elite ultra sensitive	24	£5.50	☐	**Long Love**	24	£4.50	☐
Gold extra long – no teat	24	£6.00	☐	**Stud Ride**	24	£5.50	☐
Nuform extra safe	24	£4.75	☐	**Amor Coloured**	36	£4.25	☐
Fetherlite extra fine	24	£4.25	☐	**Amor All Black**	36	£4.25	☐
Gossamer lubricated	24	£4.50	☐	**Samples** of above & Durex	36	£7.50	☐
Allergy anti allergy	24	£5.00	☐	All condoms we sell have been			
Arouser ribbed	24	£6.00	☐	electronically-tested.			

FREE CATALOGUE of sex aids, lingerie, latexwear, leatherwear and contraceptives with all orders (or send stamp). NO MAILING LISTS KEPT.
Foreign orders welcome *excluding North America* – please add 20% for foreign postage.
***Personal* foreign cheques not accepted.** Foreign wholesale enquiries welcome
I am over 18. Please rush me the item(s) listed, post free under plain cover.

Enter code in box

I enclose PO/Cheque for £ . . . .
or use GIRO transcash 3164853
or please debit my ACCESS/VISA/CONNECT Card
Expiry Date

Signature . . . .
NAME Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . POSTCODE . . . .
ACCESS/VISA 24 HOUR PHONELINE 0273 778816

SUPERIA SUPPLIES LTD, DEPT M3, PO BOX 424, HOVE, EAST SUSSEX, BN3 1EU

HOT GOSSIP LINES

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ME 0836.402.899

BARE BOTTOM 0836.402.877	GOOD VIBRATIONS 0836.402.884	BLONDE ON BLONDE 0836.402.891
MARRIED TRANSVESTITES 0836.402.878	HOT LESBIANS 0836.402.885	ADULT ACTION
MADAME STERN 0836.402.879	BLOW YOUR MIND 0836.402.886	WHAT AN AU PAIR 0836.402.892
SEXY FANTASIES	THE ULTIMATE 0836.402.887	DEEP DELIGHT 0836.402.893
MY HUSBAND WATCHED 0836.402.880	BACK SEAT RIDE 0836.402.888	WOMAN IN CHARGE 0836.402.894
SEXY SECRETS 0836.402.881	SELF SATISFACTION 0836.402.889	EXPLICIT STORY 0836.402.895
SHARED EXPERIENCES 0836.402.882	DIAL IF YOU DARE !	MISS SPANK 0836.402.896
HELL FOR LEATHER 0836.402.883	THROUGH THE WINDOW 0836.402.890	HOT TONGUE 0836.402.897

FOR THAT SPECIAL TIME ALONE IN BED ~
0836.402.898

WARNING:THESE TAPES CONTAIN EXPLICT MATERIAL, ADULTS ONLY

HOT GOSSIP, P.O.BOX 384, GT. SHELFORD, CAMBS. CB2 5VA
CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MIN, CHEAP RATE, 44P ALL OTHER TIMES.